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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THE GREATEST NATIONAL WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY. DECEMBER 28, 1899. VOL. LXVIII: NO. 2.

Poetry.

THE CLOD AND THE GENIUS.

A genius and a clod one day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

The genius said: "I plainly see
That hayseed's not the thing for me."

And he said as his hay rake forth he hurled:
"I'll go snatch laurels from the world."

The clod opined that good, green hay
Was better than laurel any day.

So the genius traveled wide and soared
And hocked sweet sonnets for his board.

The clod's dad died and left a will
Gave him a farm and a good grist mill.

He sold young pigs and cows and beeves
And never pined for laurel leaves.

The genius came to the farm one day
And the clod in the meadow raked the hay.

The genius had seen some right hard knocks,
And at the time he was on the rocks.

He had taken his meals, it was plain to see,
With great irregularity.

And a good, old-fashioned mutton stew
Would beat all the laurel, he thought, that grew.

The clod embraced his long lost twin,
Straightway to the kitchen took him in.

And he said as he watched his brother's greed
That he didn't think laurel was much for feed.

Next day the genius raked the hay
For the clod at a dollar ten per day,

And he said as he mopped his sweating brow:
"Three 'squares' beat laurel anyhow."
—Bismarck Tribune.

A STREET INCIDENT.

He wuz ole an' gray, an' blind as a bat
An' he set all day where de crowds wuz at,
A-pickin' free silver up.
Fur de sof' mugs come, wit' a tear in deir eye.
An' de poor ole bum, w'en dey'd passed 'im by,
Had coin in 'is ole tin cup.
His little mellodeon played itsel'
An' all dat' e had ter do
Wuz ter wind a crank fur a little spell
An start 'er a-goin' new.
An' so 'e dozed in an awnin's shade
De whole o' de a'ternoon,
W'ile over an' over de organ played
De same ole cranky tune:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross,
Nearer to Thee."

Den a cop comes by. "Yer a fake," sez'e.
"An' youse need'n' ter try dat game on me."
So he made de ole man get.
Well, he crossed de street—den a roar, a shout!
An' he lost 'is feet, an' wuz battered about,
An' 'e knowed dat dis wuz deat'.
Fur 'is poor ole head w'en dey picked 'im up
Wuz crushed where de wheels had went;
An' un'er 'is arm wuz 'is ole tin cup
W'at on'y held jist a cent.
An' over de noise in de crowded road
De music box, jist upset,
Wuz playin' de on'y tune it knowed,
A-playin' de ole tune yet:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross,
Nearer to Thee."
—T. A. D. in Catholic Standard.

Miscellany.

PA ON J. P. MORGAN AND PHILANTHROPY.

"It was a Lucky Thing for Columbus that He Come Over here and discovered this country when He did," paw Sed when we was Gethered around the family Surcle nite Before last.

"THIS BELONGS TO A SIN DYCATE."

"Why?" maw ast Him.

"Becos," paw Told Her, "if Ennybody Come over Here looken fer a place to land now Do you no what Would Happen? J. Pierpont Morgan Would Be thare when the Grate Discuverer pulled up to the dock and say: 'Hate to Be harsh wid you, Chris, But this Belongs to a sin dycate what I have jist formed, and if you want to Tie a Rope to the Western hemasfeer you Got to pay the skevdool price.'"

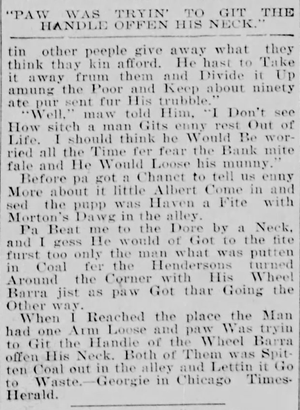
"Who is J. Peerpont Morgan?" maw ast. "I Think I herd that name some whare Before."

"He is the man who lets God press the Button," paw Told her, "and he Does the rest. He blows the Wissel fer the peepul of this country in the mornen and shuts the Gates at nite. He owns a milyun dollar yit and Has a privut car and Cant eat Sweet things Becos thay makes Him too Fat, that's who He is. Every nite when He goes to Bed he neels Down and prays:

Now I Lay me Down to sleep
(I formed Anuther trust to-Day)—
I pray the Lord my sole to keep
(I've got anuther under way);
If I should Die Before I wake
(I'll Git it thru without a Doubt)
I pray the Lord my sole to Take
(And bar all other people Out).

"My Sakes," maw Says, "it's jist turrable, ain't it? I wunder what makes him Do it? I should Think He would Ruther Take a vacashun fer a while and Let Sumbuddy else try to Run the Erth fer a few weeks jist to See if they could Do it."

"Well," paw Says, "I'll tell you How it is. He Don't think it Would be rite.



"LET SUMBUDDY ELSE RUN THE ERTH."

You See, He is a fliantherpist. Every few Days He gives a Horsepittle or a norfen asylum to Sumbuddy what needs one in thare Bizcness. If he Wouldn't keep maken a million Every week or two How could he do Sich kind deeds fer the poor?"

"Well," maw Says, "mebby that mite Be So, after all. So we Ottent to Blame him too Harsh."

"No," paw anserd. "I spose the people what would Git Sum of the munny if He wasent Taken it all mite Look after the orfuns and Bild the Horsepittles if they Had a Chanct, and mebby Sum of them need it Themselfs. But How Does He no? He Can't take no Chances By lettin people Run things on thare own Hook. Even if He Does keep Gettin Ritcher and Ritcher Takin in Five Dollars what other folks Can hardly Spair and givin away thirty cents of it to Help the Sick and the Orfuns. When a man is a Fliantherpist he can't jist Set around letting other people give away what they think thay kin afford. He hast to Take it away frum them and Divide it Up amung the Poor and Keep about ninety ate pur sent fur His trubble."

"Well," maw told Him, "I Don't see How sitch a man Gits enny rest Out of Life. I should think he Would Be worried all the Time fer fear the Bank mite fale and He Would Loose his munny."

Before pa got a Chanct to tell us enny More about it little Albert Come in and sed the pupp was Haven a Fite with Morton's Dawg in the alley.

Pa Beat me to the Dore by a Neck, and I gess He would of Got to the fite furst too only the man what was putten in Coal for the Hendersons turned Around the Corner with His Wheel Barra jist as paw Got thar Going the Other way.

When I Reached the place the Man had one Arm Loose and paw Was tryin to Git the Handle of the Wheel Barra offen His Neck. Both of Them was Spitten Coal out in the alley and Lettin it Go to Waste.—Georgie in Chicago Times-Herald.

"PAW WAS TRYIN' TO GIT THE HANDLE OFFEN HIS NECK."

HE STOPPED THE TRAIN TO BORROW A MATCH.

"I noticed in the paper the other day," observed an old railway postal clerk to the Sioux City Journal, "the story of how the captain of the little gasoline boat that left here for up the Missouri had to come back overland for 40 miles for a repair that cost him only 10 cents, but which was just as necessary as if it had cost the price of the whole engine. I recalled to my mind an experience I once had on the run between here and Missouri Valley, on the Sioux City & Pacific, illustrating how much may hang on something ordinarily quite insignificant. Between Whiting and Onawa one night a gust of wind blew out every lamp in the mail car, which of course made it impossible for me to work, and I had considerable to do yet to tie up Onawa's mail. I put my hand into my pocket to get a match but couldn't find any. Something had to be done quickly, and all there was left for me to do was to pull the bell cord and signal the engineer to stop. The conductor, brakemen and some of the passengers came running up to the head of the train to learn what was the matter. The darkness in my car suggested that perhaps there had been a hold-up and robbery of the mail; but when I called to the conductor to give me a match it relieved his anxiety, but did not entirely restore his good humor. I lit my lamps again and had my mail ready when we reached Onawa. Since that time I am especially careful to see that I have an ample match supply."

The Russian Choice.

Russian Official—You can't stay in this country, sir.

Traveler—Then I'll leave it.

Official—Have you a permit to leave?

Traveler—No, s'r.

Official—Then you cannot go. I give you 24 hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do.—Tid-Bits.

Unhappy Chaperon.

"As soon as I saw it was going to rain, I dragged ma out to the matinee."

"Was your rainday skirt nice?"

"Oh, just lovely. I didn't get wet a bit, but poor ma was pretty near drowned."—Indianapolis Journal.

Often Exasperating.

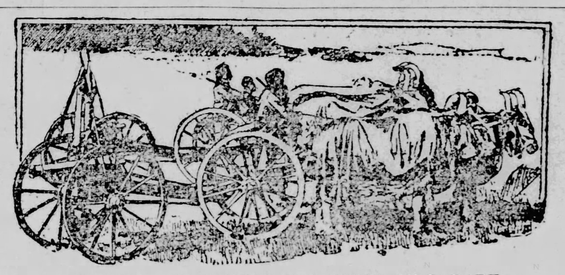
"I don't like amiable people."

"Why not?"

"Living with them will ruin the best disposition on earth."—Chicago Record.

REAL ARTILLERY MADE OF SOLID GOLD.

The most curious offer that the queen has received from any of her foreign friends and subjects is that of his highness, the gaikwar of Baroda, who has placed at the disposal of the British, for use in the Transvaal, his most treasured possession, the famous golden guns that are a part of the maharajah's ornamental artillery. Of course these guns will not be used in actual warfare, but their offer for service has been taken as a graceful tribute to the queen on the part of one who is considered as the most powerful and influential of the native princes of India.



THE INDIAN PRINCE'S TREASURES ON PARADE.

The guns are the only solid gold guns in existence. They were the product of a native blacksmith's skill and labor and were made in 1874, the time consumed in the work being no less than five years. Each gun weighs 400 pounds and is made of pure gold with the exception of the inner coat, which is of silver. The design of the guns is most novel, as will be seen by the accompanying photograph, and the carriages are made of expensive wood, cunningly inlaid with silver and carved by the skillful workmen of Baroda in their characteristic style.

The carriage is drawn by the finest bullocks that the maharajah's territory produces and the trappings of the animals are of the most splendid order.

Some idea of the magnificence of the apparel that bedecks this golden artillery team on spectacular occasions may be gathered from the statement that their best trappings cost the gaikwar $45,000. On the horns of the animals are golden caps and on the ankles are worn anklets of gold and silver. Each head is a flashing mass of gold and silver ornamentation and when the guns are polished and the bullocks are in their state attire the sight is a dazzling one.

The guns have never been fired, so far as is known, so that the effect of a practical use of gunpowder on such soft metal ordnance is not known. It is not probable that they would stand real use. It is not meant that they should. They were intended for display alone.

The guns are seldom allowed to be taken far from the maharajah's palace. They are guarded day and night by picked men of the royal bodyguard, a splendid corps equipped after the European manner and officered chiefly by white men. They wear a uniform very much like that of the Austrian hussars, are 150 strong, and are mounted on the finest cavalry chargers in the Indian empire. Only one occasion is recorded where the maharajah allowed the guns to be takes from the Mazabagh palace at Baroda, where they are kept. This was when his highness visited Bombay to meet the Prince of Wales.

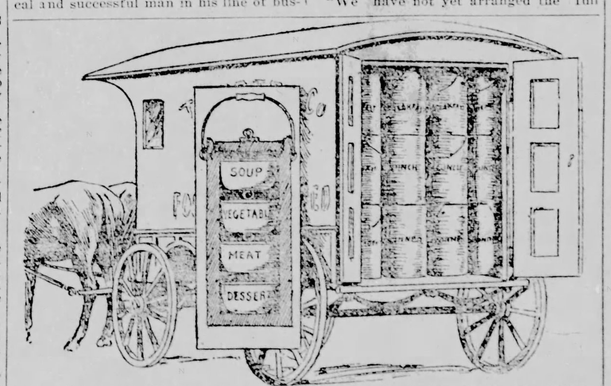
Besides the golden guns the maharajah owns a pair of silver guns of the same style as the others, but smaller, weighing only 320 pounds each. The limbers and carriages of these guns are brass-covered and when the metal is polished it is just as much a sight to see as the gold guns.

GOOD-BYE TO THE COOK.

New Haven to Furnish Families Hot Meals Cooked Miles Away In a Big Kitchen, And Delivered by Wagon.

Conservative old New Haven is soon to have a twentieth century convenience that will make one of the dreams of Edward Bellamy a practical realization. In his famous book entitled "Looking Backward" Bellamy describes great co-operative kitchens from which whole cities are to be fed. New Haven will shortly have a big kitchen from which her residents may bring their meals and have them sent piping hot to their homes all ready to be served. This, in brief, is the latest idea of Yankee invention, designed to solve the servant girl problem.

This scheme is not a mere dream. It is an idea of a New Haven business man who has made it a success. It is backed by over twenty other New Haven business men, every one of whom is a practical and successful man in his line of business. These men have put their money into this idea because they believe that they have in this scheme a big fortune.



A FOO SUPPLY WAGON AND A CROSS SECTION OF ONE OF THE CANS.

Many schemes have been tried in different parts of the world to supply food for families through co-operative kitchens. These schemes have never been very successful, because it has been impossible to keep food hot during transportation from one place to another. The scheme of many families eating together in one building has also proved objectionable. New Haven has apparently solved this problem by the invention of heat retaining devices by which a plate of soup or a roast of beef may be kept piping hot for as long as seven hours. The projectors say they can deliver cooked and ready to serve many dishes at a price equal to that which the housekeeper pays for the raw product.

In speaking of his scheme, Mr. S. H. Street said:

"This is not a mere dream. I have been studying this subject for years. I have discussed it with the best business men of the country. I have placed my ideas before them, and they have all told me that the scheme is practicable.

"People do not realize that it is possible to cook the cheapest portions of meat in a scientific manner and get as delicious dishes as are served in the finest restaurants in the country. It has been demonstrated that you can roast beef that costs four cents a pound—that is sections of the beef that are not usually used for roasting—and get a more nourishing dish than you can from the choicest cuts. This however, can only be accomplished by cooking the meat slowly and cooking in a scientific manner.

"Cereals are very difficult to cook properly. So are baked beans and some kinds of vegetables. We will devote ourselves at first to cooking things that require long and careful cooking. We do not propose to meddle with steaks and chops, which are easily cooked. Later on we may take up all sorts of cooking.

"When I put this scheme before the gentlemen who have formed this company I cooked a supper at 3 o'clock, packed it in my heat retaining device, took it to a restaurant man and put the packages in his refrigerator until six o'clock. He thought I was crazy. At 6 o'clock we opened all the packages and found them steaming hot. I did this in order to prove that this device will work as well in cold weather as in warm weather.

"We have not yet arranged the full schedule of prices, but in many instances we will deliver to private families food cooked and hot and ready to serve for the same price that the raw food would cost a private person. For example we will serve enough oatmeal for a family of seven or eight persons for ten cents. We will be able to put within the reach of the poor man many good things which are now only possible for a rich man to obtain."

The secret of Mr. Street's scheme lies in his patent device for retaining heat. This apparatus is apparently nothing more than a big bucket, metal covered and lined, with sides and bottom about two inches thick. There is a close fitting top or lid of similar thickness. What the sides of the wall of this package are lined with Mr. Street does not say. Into this heat retaining package are put porcelain cans, which fit tightly and have close fitting covers.

Mr. Street proposes to have various sized packages, in which breakfast, luncheon and dinner can be arranged. In the bottom of the bucket is placed the dessert, then the meat and vegetables and then the soup. This is for a dinner bucket.

These buckets are to be delivered in the wagons, in which there will be an arrangement along side for holding them in place. The scheme is to have a large number of wagons, which will make trips through various sections of the city to deliver food and take orders for the following day. There will be small wagons for quick delivery of late orders.

GREAT INCREASE OF SCHOLARS.

The last report of the United States commissioner of Education gives the number of pupils enrolled in all kinds and grades of schools in this country in 1898 as 16,687,643, an increase over the preceeding year of a trifle less than 500,000. The registers of the colleges and universities alone show a gain of 4,000. To the average reader these figures are too large to carry any comprehensive meaning. He realizes that a great number of children are receiving instruction, but he does not know how many are being neglected. This point is easily made clear.

The increase of population in 1898 was about 2 per cent as nearly as can be determined before the census is taken. The above large figures record an increase of over 3 per cent in the enrollment of educational institutions, both great and small. Thus the rate of increase in the school attendance is nearly one-half larger than the rate of the increase of the population.

These data prove a highly significant and important point, namely, that the American people are taking more pains than ever before to give their children the benefits of at least a common school education. One could look for no better mark of progress and the advance of culture and enlightenment.

Boasting.

The year 1910 has arrived.

"My papa fought in the Spanish war," boasted one little girl.

"My papa was a Dewey committeeman in '96," was the withering rejoinder.—Detroit Free Press.

FREDERIC MAYER'S AMERICAN LETTER ON THE GREAT PARIS EXPOSITION.

Paris, Dec. 16.—A trip to Paris in 1900 will be a trip to the moon.

Visitors will not actually set foot on our satellite, but to all intents and purposes they will get over the 249,000 miles of intervening ether, and will stop short of making a landing only by about a hundred miles. This is much nearer than the most persevering Arctic explorer has ever come to the North Pole.

Just think of it—the moon only 100 miles away. You can see almost that far from the top of the Eiffel Tower, and a much greater distance from the summits of the Alps, or from the top of your own Pike's Peak.

And how will this marvelous journey be accomplished? Almost instantaneously, without the fatigue of travel, and at a nominal cost. You simply sit at your ease in the comfortable auditorium of the Palace of Optics while a mammoth mirror takes the image of the moon from the sky, shoots the reflection through a steel tube 197 feet long, terminating with the biggest lens ever made, and projects a perfect picture of fair Luna on a mammoth screen, magnified 10,000 times. In this way the marveling spectators can inspect, admire and study the "living picture" of the moon, just as they would see the Orb of Night herself were she only as distant as New York from Philadelphia, instead of 250,000 miles away.

Were this the sum total of the Exposition, such a spectacle alone would almost be worth the trip to Paris.

The $200,000 Telescope.

Do you want to know more about this wonderful telescope that M. Gauthier is building, and the Palace of Optics in which it will be housed? Study the picture for a moment. As you will see, it is not a movable affair, like the telescopes you see on the street corners, which for five cents will show you the star of the evening looking as big as a goose egg, but rather a mammoth cast steel tube weighing with its attachments 212,000 pounds, and immovably fixed on eight stone columns resting on bed rock, so that none of the jars which the building may receive will interfere with its work. Essentially, it consists of four parts—the gigantic mirror which takes the reflection of the portion of the sky under examination, the great steel tube, the mammoth lens and the condenser which brings the scattering rays of light sufficiently together to form a distinct image on the screen. The cost of this telescope and the building in which it is placed will be about $280,000.

Possible Lunar Sights.

Astronomers tell us that they have learned by methods that pass the understanding of the unscientific mind that our satellite is a dead and frozen world, without atmosphere, devoid of any form of life, and seemingly without apparent purpose in the economy of the universe, except to hang around in the sky at night and reflect upon us enough of the sun's rays to make us independent of the gas and electric light companies, a part of the time, at least. Should this conjecture or discovery prove to be wrong, and should there be mighty armies moving about on the surface of the moon, and ocean steamers as large as our own sailing across its seas, and Lunar expositions as big as Paris, 1900, this telescope will tell us a great deal about them, for they will be plainly visible. Another thing that will be accomplished by this instrument will be to take pictures of the stars enlarged 10,000 times, so that, with the aid of the microscope, scientists can examine them more in detail. Moreover, it will penetrate further into the depths of celestial space than any instrument made hitherto, and will supply much new information concerning the splendors of our planetary system.

M. FRANCOIS DELONCLE, THE GIANT TELESCOPE AND "THE MOON A YARD OFF."

A 10,000 Pound Mirror.

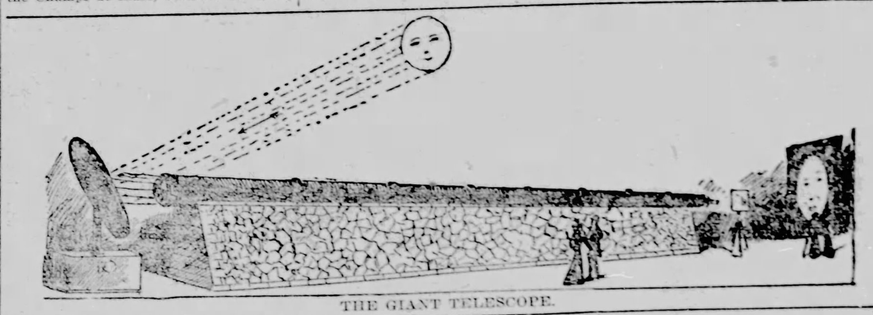
Perhaps you would like to know something about the mirror. It is no common piece of glass showing an image more or less distorted, but an immense circular mass of the finest glass, which, with its mountings, weigh about 10,000 pounds—a wonder in itself. For astronomical purposes a mirror with an irregular surface is utterly useless, so the problem was presented of polishing this great crystal mass more than six feet in diameter so as to produce an absolute plane. It took special machinery to do it. It cost a lot of money and a lot of time (more than eight months), but the result is a surface so scientifically accurate and so delicate that the slightest variation in temperature at different points would affect it seriously. It is said that if one were to approach his hand close to the glass the warmth emitted would cause the surface to swell, and the infinitesimal deformation thus brought about would seriously interfere with the objects reflected. Such is astronomy, and such the precision of the instruments of science.

The Palace of Optics.

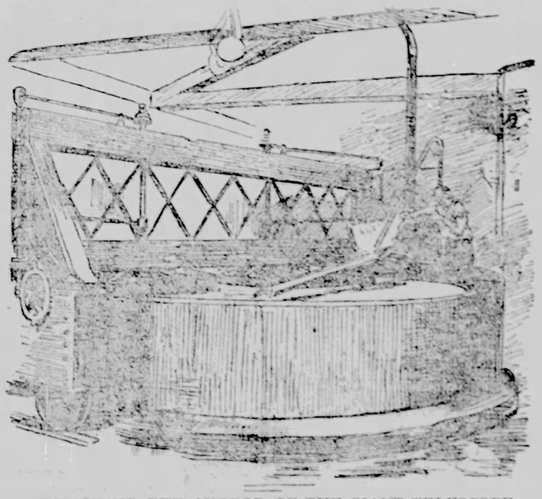
The Palace of Optics will be found in the Champs de Mars, between the Eiffel Tower and the Palace of Education. It will cover 90,000 square feet. The architect, M. Robin, has erected a curious building, the facade of which is a semi-cupola, above which runs a decorative piece of staff lace-work, on which the well-known sculptor, M. Theunissen, has studded the twelve signs of the zodiac. The cupalo is supported by Persian columns, and on either side of this main facade are solid walls, on which are numerous astronomical and optical designs.

In the interior of the Palace of Optics, in addition to the telescope chamber, is a small optical exhibition room and some curious optical illusions.

Among the so-called "attractions" of the exposition now in the course of preparation one of the most artistic and refined will be the gorgeous display of feminine apparel in the Palace of Costume. The fact that Monsieur E. Felix has charge of this is a sufficient guarantee of its surpassing excellence. M. Felix is by all odds the greatest modeler of the day in Paris—which means, of course, the greatest in the world. He is the only costumer of France who has ever been decorated by the government with the Order of the "Legion of Honor." It is likewise a fact well known in this country that he stands among the foremost philanthropists of the age. A short distance outside the city he maintains wholly at his own expense an institution which receives unfortunate women at the most critical time in unfortunate woman' career. The children who come into the world under this hospitable roof are not turned adrift or given over to reach the age of manhood, are sent to recruit the French army, and the girls, when they reach the age of womanhood, are taken into M. Felix's great dress-making establishment, where they learn the care of the hospitals, but are carefully nurtured, intelligently brought up and educated. The boys, when they the business thoroughly, thus becoming self-supporting and self-sustaining. This is practical philanthropy for you.



THE GIANT TELESCOPE.



POLISHING THE MIRROR OF THE GIANT TELESCOPE.

Twenty Centuries of Dress.

The historical Costume Palace, which is M. Felix's own conception, will cost nearly $2,000,000. It will cover a large tract of ground to the east of the Eiffel Tower, and will occupy the center of beautiful gardens. The edifice itself will be in the Louis XV. style of architecture, with a monumental entrance and a scheme of adornment typifying the lighter side of fashion, past and to come. It is three years now since the architects, sculptors, decorators, dressmakers and embroiderers first set to work preparing the gems of which this palace is the fitting casket. The artists and artisans under M. Felix have occupied for this purpose a huge atelier in the Latin quarter, modeling all their figures from life. The series will comprise reproductions of costumes from the time of the Gauls down to the year 1900. These will be shown in a series of tableaux representing historical scenes in which the principal figures are women, all dressed with historic exactness. First we will see the Gauls in their rustic dwellings gazing with stupefaction at the Roman army approaching in the distance. Close by will be Marie of Burgundy costumed in the fashion of her period, and Blanche of Castile in a Gothic interior of mythical aspect. After the Medieval times comes the Renaissance, with its brilliant luxury and the splendor of Italian art. The sixteenth century will have a place of honor, with Catherine de Medici in elegant recherche attire paying a visit to the famous astrologer, Ruggieri. Another scenes represented will be the famous field of "Cloth of Gold," which took place between the sovereigns of England and France. After that visitors will be introduced to Henry IV. and his mistress—the beautiful Gabrielle.

Frederic Mayer

Drew the Line.

"No, sir; I never ride on a railway train on Sunday, never read a Sunday paper on Sunday, never go out pleasure riding on Sunday and never go to an entertainment of a description on Sunday. I'm opposed to that kind of thing on principle."

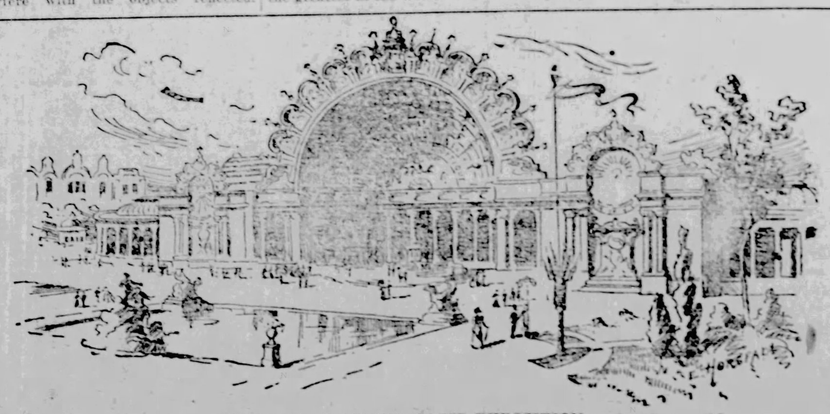
"Then, of course, you never eat a hot Sunday dinner, because it's cooked on Sunday?"

"Well, that's different. I'm no crank."—Chicago Tribune.

Fixing the Responsibility.

"It's strange," he said, "how easily it is for a pretty girl to make a fool of a man."

"Oh, I don't think I would put it just that way," she replied, "but I will admit that it's strange how easy it is for a man to make a fool of himself over a pretty girl. Fools, you know, are usually self-made."—Chicago Post.



PALACE OF OPTICS, PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE HABIT OF SMOKING IS POSSIBLY BENEFICIAL.

After referring to the fact that Columbus not only discovered America, but also the practice of smoking tobacco, a writer says: "Since that time the habit of using the weed has spread with almost incredible rapidity to every land and people of the world, so that now one might divide the inhabitants of any land into three classes: First and most numerous, those who use tobacco in judicious amounts; second, those who use tobacco in excess, and third, those who use it not at all.

"Among European nations the Netherlands claim first place, the quantity used annually per inhabitant being 8.92 pounds; next comes the United States, with 4.4, and Germany with 3 pounds. The anti-tobacco faction is a fairly active minority, as is evidenced by the fact that there is to be a congress of the anti-tobacco societies of various lands next year in Paris.

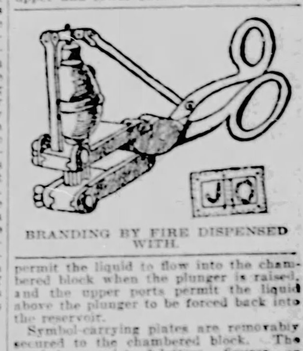
"The question suggests itself not alone to non-users of tobacco, but to every thoughtful mind, 'Why this consumption of such enormous quantities of tobacco?' No one has ever answered this question to the entire satisfaction of every one interested, and perhaps no one will for a time, but the weed certainly seems to satisfy physiologic need in certain conditions of the system, for persons who are unable to smoke at certain times can do so with pleasure and benefit at some other period in their lives, as was the case with Huxley. Certainly no habit is so common or so generally harmless.

"Comparatively few use tobacco in such excess as to suffer bad effects, no doubt fewer than suffer from the overuse of coffee and tea, and infinitely fewer than those who suffer from overeating, while numbers will testify to the pleasures which there experience from its use. No one will question the harmfulness of the use of tobacco by the young or in excessive amounts, particularly with nervous people. Neither is smoking to be advocated at all times and in all places; every one dislikes those who go about with their breath and clothes saturated with the foul odors of bad tobacco, who puff smoke in everybody's face in the street, and fill the room and house with a stale stench."—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

MARKING CATTLE.

A new method of branding cattle has been devised by Walter A. Cameron, of Stacey, Mont. By this means the animals are indelibly marked instead of being burned. The patented device is shown in the cut from the Scientific American.

The branding instrument consists of two levers pivoted together and provided with jaws. On the lower jaw a soft metal impression block is secured, and on the upper jaw a block is carried, having a chamber communicating by means of a tube with a reservoir containing the indelible fluid. The tube incloses a plunger operated from the upper lever and is provided with lateral ports at its upper and lower ends. The lower ports permit the liquid to flow into the chambered block when the plunger is raised, and the upper ports permit the liquid above the plunger to be forced back into the reservoir.



BRANDING BY FIRE DISPENSED WITH.

Symbol-carrying plates are removably secured to the chambered block. The symbols consist of letters, figures or other characters, and are formed of tubular zinc.

In using the instruments the levers are operated to separate the jaws. By reason of this motion the plunger will be drawn upward to permit the liquid from the reservoir to flow into the chamber. After placing the impression block carried by the lower jaw against the outer side of the animal's ear the levers are operated to force the tubular pins into the ear thereby causing the plunger to inject liquid into the wound.

A spring within the tube holds the plunger normally below the lower ports, so that the liquid will not escape when the device is not in use.—Chicago Record.

THE DOCTORS DISAGREED

Some Vienna savans were lately confronted with a language difficulty. According to the Independance Belge a young girl, unknown, was found unconscious in a street at Pressburg, and was conveyed to a hospital in Vienna, where she recovered consciousness and began to speak in a language that no one present could understand. The doctors came to the conclusion that the young woman was a native of an eastern country. Consequently some professors from the Oriental school were called in, and they were all agreed that the girl did not speak a correct language, but a dialect. The professor of Persian held that she spoke a Persian dialect, and that he understood it. Another professor was of opinion that it was an Abyssinian dialect. A third was convinced that it was a Turkish patois. Since the savans were not agreed the police deemed it necessary to make inquiries, with the result that the stranger was proved to be an Hungarian, who had escaped from a prison and who did not understand a word of Persian, Abyssinian or Turkish.—The London Globe.

A Knowing Poet.

"Who is your favorite author?" inquired the young woman who is collecting autographs.

"I don't know what his name is," replied Aguinaldo. "But the man who wrote 'He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day' certainly knew his business."—Washington Star.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything; for such answers would be free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, nor concerning prices of coins. 6.—No answers by mail.

Bucket Shops.

"What are bucket shops?"—S. H., Illinois.

A bucket shop is an office where people may gamble in stocks, grain and other commodities bought and sold on regular exchanges. The bucket shop uses the terms and outward forms of legitimate exchanges, but differs from them in that there is no delivery of the articles bought and sold. There is no intention or expectation of such delivery.

To take the simplest example—transactions in stocks. Suppose a man has information which leads him to believe that the stock of the Lake Shore railroad will rise or fall. In the former case—an expected rise—he goes to some member of a stock exchange and orders him to buy for him so many shares. If the price rises as he expects, he then orders them sold. In this way he makes a profit. He pays, of course, a small commission to the member of the exchange, who executes the order on commission. If he expects a fall in price, he orders the member of the exchange to sell for him so many shares. He has not the shares in his possession, but if the price falls, he will be able to buy them at the reduced price, deliver the shares, and thus make a profit.

In a bucket shop, a man simply bets so much that Lake Shore stock will rise or fall, and that is all there is to it. The "Franklin Syndicate" was a gang of sharpers who promised people that they could make 10 per cent a week on stock deals. Any man with sense enough to go in out of the rain knows this can't be done, but the crop of fools is perpetual.

The Pole Star.

"Please tell me how long it has been known that the North, or Pole Star, instead of being one star, is really composed of three. Please explain how the light of three can strike the eyes of beholders as one?"—M. B. C., Friendship, Me.

We do not know who first detected that Polaris is a triple star, but it has been within the century. Multiple stars are quite numerous. Very often the numbers of a double or multiple system are of different colors, and there are frequently complementary in tint. For instance, one member of a double star will be red, orange or yellow, while the other is blue, green or purple. Many of the multiple stars move around a common center of gravity. Thus the two members of the double star 70 Ophiuchi complete a revolution about their center of gravity in about 85 years. There are many catalogues of double stars. Sir W. Herschel catalogued 2,400, while Struve made a list of 3,063.

The reason we can see but one star is because of their distance. Under the strongest telescope no fixed star shows a disk, as do the planets. They are but brilliant points of light. The phenomenon is the same as in the Milky Way. In which millions of stars shine with luster so blended and softened by distance, as to present but a milky haze to the unaided eye.

Mount Vernon.

"When and by whom was the mansion at Mount Vernon built, and who was the architect? Give any little items of interest connected with its earliest history."—H. A. L., Ady, Ore.

The mansion was built by Lawrence Washington, the elder brother of George, who settled there in 1735, and named his estate Mount Vernon in honor of the English Admiral Vernon, under whom he served in the West Indies. The mansion stands on a swelling height (whence the "Mount" Vernon) commanding a noble view up and down the Potomac. It is a frame structure, two stories high and 96 feet long, with a lofty portico along the whole front. On the ground floor are six rooms, none large except the dining room. We never heard the architect's name. Possibly there was none, as the house was put up on a plan quite common in those days. When Lawrence Washington died he left the estate to George, the latter adding wings to the mansion. He bequeathed it to Bushrod Washington, from whom it passed to his nephew, John A. Washington, by whom the house and 200 acres of land were sold in 1858 to the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, its present owner.

An American Dollar.

"I inclose a rubbing of a coin found by a volunteer of 1st Tennessee in Manila. It was bought of a Filipino and sent home by Jasper N. Fitzgerald & Co. A. The coin has the words 'hundred cents one dollar or unit' around it. Is it a valuable coin? Can you tell me how and where to find out?"—V. M. P., Kingwood, W. Va.

It is simply an American silver dollar, coined in 1795, with liberty head on one side and eagle on the other. It is worth one dollar, of course. If there is any premium on it, you must refer to some dealer in rare coins. You will see by the rules above that the editor of the Bureau is forbidden to answer any questions about the premium on rare coins, nor can we give addresses of dealers. Nor is the editor allowed to send such information by mail. There is a silly idea prevalent that any coin minted a number of years back is enormously valuable. The contrary is the fact. It is the scarcity of a coin of a given issue that makes it valuable. There is not a dozen issues of our silver dollars which are worth more than face value.

"Boer."

"Please inform me where the name Boer originated from. I am referring to the present war—that is, the people who are fighting the English."—B. C. K., Turtle Point, Pa.

The word boer is the Dutch form of the old Saxon word boor. They both meant originally, one who tills the soil. Then, as those in cities were better educated and better mannered than those dwelling in the country, in England the word boor came to mean a rude and uneducated countryman; and now it is applied to any ill-bred person. The Dutch word boer, meaning farmer, was applied by the Dutch settlers of the Cape to themselves, and now signifies any one in South Africa of Dutch descent.

Ohio's Vote.

C. H. S., Akron, O.: Refer to the issue of the Weekly Blade for Nov. 28, 8th page, 3d column, and there will find the official totals of Ohio state vote on Nov. 7.

The vote of the city of Toledo itself, and of the city and county (Lucas), on governor, is as follows:

	Toledo alone.	Lucas county.
Jones	9,785	10,739
Nash	7,516	9,314
McLean	6,057	7,409

Will Carleton.

Reader, Watervliet, Mich.: Will Carleton was born in Hudson, Lenawee county, Michigan, Oct. 21, 1845. He graduated at Hillsdale college, Mich., in 1869. In 1878 and 1885 he traveled through Europe. He began lecturing and writing soon after leaving college. As to the other writer you name, we have not the facts regarding her life. Don't send but one question at a time.

Voting Machines.

"Will you give some description of the voting machine, its cost, how many of election board to run it, how many can vote from 6 to 9 o'clock, and can a man operate it who cannot read?"—N. P. B., Stillwater, Okla.

The voting machine is a steel box, about four feet square and six inches thick, standing on end on steel supports. A semi-circular bar projects from the upper corners, which supports a curtain, shielding the voter from all observation. An operating lever extends from the center of the top of the machine, the outer end of which reaches the curtain. When the voter comes up the curtain is back. He steps in, and throws the lever, which carries the curtain behind him, shutting off the view. When he comes out, he throws the lever back, leaving the booth open for the next voter.

The front of the machine is a complete Australian ballot, 22 by 45 inches. On it are pasted the printed names of each candidate, exactly as an ordinary Australian ballot appears—the candidates of each party in a column. At the head of each column is a knob, called the "straight ticket knob." At each name on each ticket is a pointer, which stands straight up. The voter pulls the straight ticket knob down to the right. This moves all the pointers on that ticket out to the right. If he wishes to vote a straight ticket that ends his work. As he passes out, he has to swing the lever to move the curtain back; and this records his vote.

If he wishes to split his ticket, he moves the straight ticket knob, throwing the pointers to the right. Then, he moves the pointer back to its place from over any name that does not suit him, and in the same time moves the pointer over the name of any candidate for that office on any other ticket. Then as he comes out he throws the lever, and records his vote.

He can vote for but one candidate for the same office, nor can he repeat, as the vote is not recorded until he moves out and throws the lever.

The back of the machine is locked by two or three different locks, the key of each being in the hands of officials of different parties. When the polls close, the back is unlocked, and the vote of each candidate is shown there in plain figures, just like an ordinary counting machine on a printing press. They are copied off in a few minutes, and that ends the matter.

Usually there are but two judges of elections—one for each of the two principal parties. The machine weighs about 600 pounds. Illiterate men can vote this just as well as the Australian ballot. The party emblem is at the top of each column. The machine has often voted 600 men within the hours named. In Rochester, N. Y., where they are used exclusively, they save over $5,000 a year, because there are fewer precincts, a number of clerks are not needed, and the printing of tickets is saved. Voting machines are legalized in New York, Ohio, Michigan and Minnesota. The machines cost $400 or so, but save their cost in a few years. Machine voting is sure to be the only method used in a few years.

The Three Wise Men.

"The story is always told at Christmas of how the three wise men were guided by the star. While I admit this declaration is in a plural term, I however fail to find anything in the sacred book showing there were more than three. Why do you expect a fall in price, who orders the member of the exchange to sell for him so many shares. He has not the shares in his possession, but if the price falls, he will be able to buy them at the reduced price, deliver the shares, and thus make a profit. wise men, and furthermore, Shabbona, the old Indian chief, could tell nothing about the pole, as it had been there as long as he could remember.

An old Indian named Clark told the following story concerning this monument: Nacquett, a celebrated chief, was killed in battle at the spot, buried there and the cedar pole erected to his memory. His squaw died later and her body was placed beside his. Clark said the fight began at Blue Island, the tribe retreated and met their foe at the site of Oakwood cemetery, Joliet, and again had a hard-fought battle at Nettle Creek, Morris, and the last was at Starved Rock, where most of those who took refuge perished. One writer says: "The death of Nacquett was probably between 1680 and 1700, and the pole may have been placed there at that time."

In speaking of this old monument P. A. Armstrong, historian of the Black Hawk war and "The Friend of Old Shabbona," said: "There is no doubt in my mind that the pole is nearly 250 years old. When La Salle and Joliet went up the river, where Morris now stands was an Indian village containing about 2,000 inhabitants, and when Shabbona came here, which was about the year 1800, the pole was there and none of the Indians knew when it was placed there. The story given by Clark to the effect that the chief, Nacquett, was buried there is generally believed, for when the canal was being built some of the workmen made some excavations at the base of the pole and unearthed the skeleton of a man and woman, the things buried with the man signifying that he had been a great and brave chief. For fear of an uprising of the Indians the bodies were not removed and the affair was kept from them. When I came here there were hieroglyphics all over the pole, but they could not distinct now, as a fire which destroyed a building standing within a few feet of the landmark partly burned the pole on the sides."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The Question Finally Admitted.

A story is told of the late Chief Justice Cockburn. He was once counsel for the plaintiff in a certain case, and a Mr. B. was for the defendant. Cockburn called a witness and proceeded to examine him.

"I understand," he said, "that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Jones. Is that so?"

"Yes," replied the man.

"What did he say?" demanded Cockburn.

Mr. B. promptly rose and objected. The conversation could not be admitted as evidence. But Cockburn persisted, and Mr. B. appealed to the judges, who thereupon retired to consider the point. They were absent for nearly half an hour. When they returned, they announced that Mr. Cockburn might put his question.

"Well, what did he say?" asked the counsel.

"Please, sir, he wasn't at home," replied the witness, without moving a muscle.—Irish Independent.

The Ghost Was Shy.

"Ha!" exclaimed Hamlet, starting.

The wicked queen wrung her hands in a transport of agony.

"Mister, but I'd like to see a ghost walk!" she cried.

But it was only to the melancholy Dane that the apparition was visible.

We should not think harshly of the queen for taking liberties with her lines, for she had received no salary for six weeks, and the thought of her husband at home crying for bread goaded her to desperation.—Detroit Journal.

A Fatal Habit.

"Did your friend the actress have an imposing wedding?"

"No; poor Gladys forgot herself and did the cakewalk going down the aisle."—Chicago Record.

"Durability is Better Than Show."

The wealth of the multi-millionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Miscellaneous.

L. L. M., Camp Ground, Tenn.: The law says nothing about it.

L. A. R., Watrousville, Mich.: Sorry to say we can not publish it.

S. J. B., Elkhart, Iowa: We do not know the number of Roberts children.

M. L. R., Christiansburg, O.: Any telegraph operator will tell you where to get elemntary books on telegraphy.

A. H., Ellenton, Pa.: Other civilized nations pension their soldiers, but none pension as liberally as the United States, nor for so short a term of service.

A LESSON IN MUSIC.

"Jones is a terribly ignorant man."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, I was talking with him the other night on the subject of music, and it turned out that he actually didn't know the difference between a sonata and a symphony."

"He didn't?"

"It's a positive fact. And yet Jones had always impressed men as being a rather well-informed man."

"Oh, well, I expect there are others who don't know the difference between a sonata and a symphony. To tell the truth I don't know the difference myself."

"My dear fellow! You must be joking."

"Never more serious in my life."

"Well, well, I should never have believed that possible. In the nineteenth century, too!"

"Well, I don't, and I am not ashamed to confess my ignorance. What is the difference?"

"Well—er—er—it's like this. A—er—sonata, you know—I mean a symphony—Great Scott! Is it 12 o'clock already? You must excuse me. Fact is, I'm in an awful hurry."—Pearson's Weekly.

In Cold Cash.

"I want to see the man who accepted my poem."

"He's out."

"He is?"

"Yes; $10."—Atlanta Constitution.

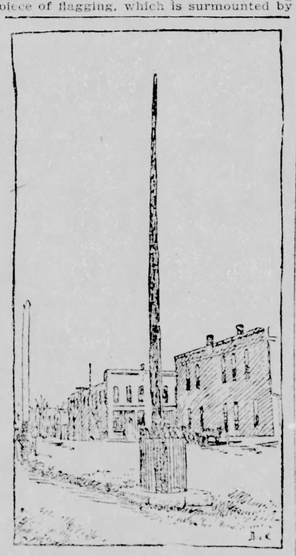
Sweet butter can't be made in a sour churn. The stomach is a churn. A foul stomach fouls the food put into it. When the food is fouled the blood made from it is fouled also. Foul blood means disease. Cleanse the churn and you have sweet butter. Cleanse the stomach and you have pure blood. The far reaching action of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is due to its effect on the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Diseases that begin in the stomach are cured through the stomach.

"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proved a great blessing to me," writes Mrs. Ellen E. Bacon, of Shutesbury, Franklin Co., Mass. "Prior to September, 1897, I had doctored for my stomach trouble for several years, going through a course of treatment without any real benefit. In September, 1897, I had very sick spells and grew worse; could eat but little. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's medicine and in a short time I could eat and work. I have gained twenty pounds in two months."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-bound volume, or 31 cents for cloth binding, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

INDIAN RELIC TWO CENTURIES OLD.

In Morris, Ill., says the Chicago Chronicle, west side of Waupensee street, between Washington and Canal, stands a pole about thirty feet high, which is known as the "Indian pole." It is protected at the base by a close-fitting piece of flagging, which is surmounted by



REMARKABLE INDIAN POLE AT MORRIS, ILL.

an iron fence, these having been placed there years ago by the city. There is nothing really known about the old landmark excepting that it was where it now stands when the first settlers came to this community, and, furthermore, Shabbona,

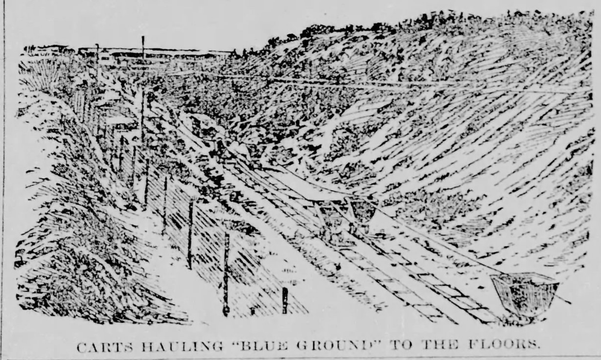
MINING GEMS IN KIMBERLEY.

How Diamonds Are Dug by African Workmen.

The mines within the City of Kimberley, says the Jewelers' Circular, furnish 95 per cent. of the world's diamonds, and in the mind's eye the community is a glittering fairyland—far different from the prosaic, rough and ready reality. The city and its mines have been for the past month a favorite theme of newspaper writers, and the romantic discovery of diamonds in the territory now known as Kimberley, the development of the mines, the enormous richness of and the great profits derived from them have been rehearsed and rehearsed until today there are few subjects upon which the public are as well informed or misinformed as the Kimberley diamond mines.

But there is one aspect of the subject that has received little attention, and that is the manner in which the diamonds are mined and prepared for the London market—while such pictures as have been published are scenes in the city itself rather than of the mines. In the Kimberley mines the world has, probably, the two biggest holes which man has ever dug into the earth, the area of the former at the surface being over 13 acres with a depth of over 400 feet; the area and depth of the latter being even as far as known, the only store house of diamonds in the original matrix in which they were formed by the enormously high temperature of volcanic action.

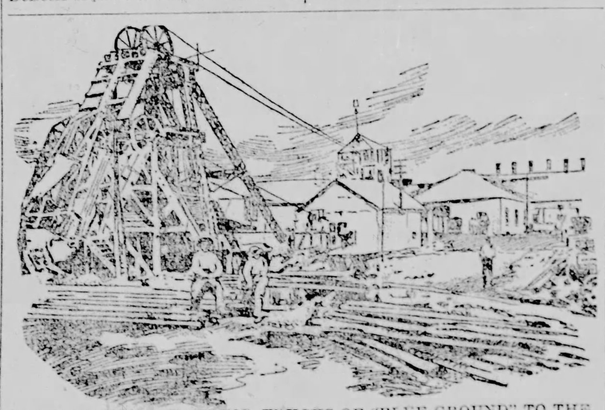
At the present time the stones are found in what is termed "blue ground," though this is almost a solid rock. The treatment of this rock in order to dis-lose the diamonds has been the principal problem to be solved. It was discovered that the mineral yielded to the solvent action of water, and to-day the system of mining may be summed up in a few words—washing out the earth and sifting. The apparatus has become more complicated



CARTS HAULING "BLUE GROUND" TO THE FLOORS.

and the operation more rapid, more thorough and less expensive when done on a large scale, but the principle is the same as that discovered by the old Boer, who soaked his "blue ground" and waited till it disintegrated.

The DeBeers and Kimberley mines are no longer worked from the surface, but from shafts sunk at some distance from the original holes and penetrating to the blue ground by transverse drivings at depths varying from 500 to 1,500 feet. The blue ground, when extracted, is carried in small iron trucks to the "floors." The "floors" are made by removing the bush and grass from a fairly level piece of ground; the land is then rolled and made as hard and as smooth as possible. These "floors" are about 600 acres in extent. They are covered to the depth of about a foot with the blue ground which, for a time, remains on them without much manipulation. The blue ground is transferred to these floors from the shafts by lines of trucks. The heat of the sun and moisture soon have a wonderful effect upon it. Large pieces, which were as hard as ordinary sandstone when taken from the mine, soon commence to crumble. At this stage of the work the winning of the diamonds assumes more the nature of farming than of mining; the ground is continually harrowed to assist pulverization by exposing the larger pieces to the action of the sun and rain. The blue ground from Kimberley mine becomes quite well pulverized in three months, while that from DeBeers requires double that time. The



MACHINERY FOR HAULING TRUCKS OF "BLUE GROUND" TO THE FLOORS.

longer the ground remains exposed the better it is for washing.

The process of exposure being completed, the blue ground is then carried to very large, elaborate and costly washing machines, in which, by means of the action of running water the diamonds are separated from the ordinary earth. This machinery is of American make and is run entirely by American engineers. In fact, all the mining engineers of the Kimberley mines are Americans. It may be mentioned that in this process 100 loads of blue ground are concentrated into one load of diamondiferous stuff. In washing the blue ground the greatest care, of course, has to be exercised to guard against washing away diamonds. Not only is this prevented, though not invariably, by every mechanical means, but this part of the work, like every other, is constantly watched by responsible overseers. Another machine, the pulsator, then separates the diamondiferous stuff, which appears to be a mass of blue and dark pebbles of all shapes, into four different sizes, which then pass on to the assorters. The assorting is done on tables, first while wet by white men, the only department employing white men, and then dry by natives. A gem in the natives' sorting room reads: "Notice—Visitors must on no account speak to the convicts." These men are not strictly convicts, but as they are bound for two years' service and are not permitted outside the compounds, they are essentially prisoners. The assorters work with a kind of trowel, and their accuracy in detecting and separating the diamond from the eight different kinds of mineral formations which reach them is almost unerring.

After assorting the diamonds are sent daily to the general office under an armed escort, and delivered to the valuators in charge of the diamond department. The first operation is to clean the diamonds of any extraneous matter by boiling them in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. When cleaned they are carefully assorted again in respect to size, color and purity. The rooms in the DeBeers office, where they are then displayed, offers a most striking sight. It is lighted by large windows, underneath which runs a broad counter covered with white sheets of paper, on which are laid out numerous glistening heaps of precious stones of indescribable variety. In this room are concentrated some 60,000 karats, the daily production of the Consolidated Mine being about 5,500 karats.

In the working of the mine there are employed about 1,300 Europeans and 5,700 natives. The wages paid range high. Mechanics and engine drivers receive from £6 to £7 per week; miners from £5 to £6; guards and tally men from £4 to £5; natives in the underground works are paid from 4s. to 5s. per day. In the work on the "floors," which is all surface work, overseers receive from £3 12s. to £4 2s., machine men and assorters from £5 to £6, and ordinary native laborers from 17s. 6d. to 21s. per week. In addition, every employe on the "floor" has a percentage on the value of the diamonds found by himself, the white employes receiving 1s. 6d. and the natives 3d. per karat. Nearly double these amounts are paid for stones found in the mines.

The company sustain considerable though decreasing loss by diamonds being stolen from the mines. To check this loss extraordinary precautions have been resorted to. The natives are engaged for a period of three months, during which time they are confined in a compound surrounded by a high wall. On returning from their day's work they have to strip off all their clothes, which they hang on pegs in a shed. Stark naked they then proceed to the searching room, where their mouths, their hair, their toes, their armpits and every portion of their bodies are subjected to an elaborate examination. While men would never submit to such a process, but the native sustains the indignity with cheerful equanimity, considering only the high wages which he earns. After passing through the searching room they pass, still in a state of nudity, to their apartments in the compound, where they find blankets in which to wrap themselves for the night. During the evening the clothes which they had left behind them are carefully and minutely searched, and are restored to their owners in the morning.

The cuts which are reproduced with the above article were taken, originally, from photographs in the possession of Ludwig Nissen of this borough.

MARIA'S THOUGHTFULNESS.

"John, there was a tramp here to-day."

"That's nothing new, Maria."

"But this was a gentleman tramp."

"How do you know?"

"Because he said 'I presume' and 'good afternoon,' instead of 'good evening.'"

"Bosh! Was he after a meal, Maria?"

"No, a shave. A further proof that he was a gentleman."

"A shave? Did he take this for a barber shop?"

"I think not. He merely wished to borrow the price of a shave. Said when he reached his home in San Francisco he would return the dime with a note of thanks. He was indeed a gentleman."

"Did you give him the dime, Maria?"

"No."

"Well, it ought to be marked down in blue.

"Listen! When I looked in my pocketbook I found the milkman had taken my last penny. I was disappointed, and so was the poor man. Said he hated to travel beside wealth with scrubby checks. Who but a gentleman would have thought of that?"

"Wonder you hadn't sent him down to my office."

"No, I did better. I thought of your razor."

"My razor? I hope"——

"And in a minute I had taken it from the shelf and placed it in the poor man's hand."

"Did you"——

"He examined the make, said something about 'hollow ground' and tested the edge on his boot. Then he said"——

"He"——

"Then he said it was an excellent piece of steel, but needed honing."

"Said my razor"——

"I confessed my ignorance of the word 'honing,' and he enlightened me. Said the proper way to hone a razor was to hold the back of the blade against a grinding stone until the friction softened the edge. Then he said there was a grinding stone in the next block, and asked permission to take the blade around and put it in order. A gentleman always asks permission, John."

"I hope you"——

"Yes, I granted the request. To-morrow he will have your razor here before taking the train."

"Maria!"

"Not a word, John! You will get your razor to-morrow in first class condition. No need of paying 50 cents to have it honed by a professional honer. I only did what nine women out of ten would have done. Besides, you must remember, he was a gentleman tramp."—Chicago News.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Has Not Complied With the Rule.

E. W. H. asks a question, but does not give his name, state and county. If E. W. H. will do this, his question will be cheerfully answered.

Mare Has Scalded Shoulder.

E. R., West Virginia: The first thing to be done will be to give your mare a rest for three or four weeks, and next remodel her collar so there will be a light wearing on the affected part. At times the galled part becomes raw and suppurating, with a hard substance in the center. In a case of this kind the sore can not be permanently healed, and it becomes necessary to dissect out the hard, leatherey center with a sharp knife, and afterward dress with carboic acid, 1 drachm; lard, 3 ozs.; mix thoroughly. If there is no hard part in the center, poultice with a warm linseed meal poultice for a full day, then wash well with warm water and soap. Dry the part and dust this on once a day, washing off in the evening with warm water and soap and dusting afterward: Wheat flour, 4 parts; alum, 1 part; rosin, 2 parts. In a case where there is no abraised or broken skin, and the part is tender, rub the part twice a day with vinegar, 1 quart; salt, a handful.

Mule's Shoulder Injured.

W. T. E., Tennessee: As pus is running from the shoulder of your mule that was injured, open the part with a sharp knife, so that the pus may be squeezed out. Then poultice for two days with warm linseed meal poultice. After this wash the part with warm water and soap, and inject this twice a day: Carbolic acid, 2 drachms; water, 1 pint. Do not attempt to work the mule until perfectly cured.

Horse in Bad Shape.

E. F. S., Oregon: If, as you say, your 12-year-old horse has a corn, a crack on one side of his frog and has side-bones, he is in pretty bad shape. The first thing to be done will be to get rid of the corn, as he will go lame as long as it is there. The corn is located in the sensitive sole, in the triangular space between the bars and the wall at the heel. Remove the shoe and poultice the foot for three or four days. If the corn is festered, make an opening to give vent to the pus. Cut away all loose horn. If the corn is a chronic dry one, it may be pared out. Lower the heel on the affected side to remove pressure. A corn plaster may be applied, as follows: Subacetate of copper (verdigris), ½ oz.; oil of turpentine, 2 ozs.; yellow wax, ½ lb. Melt together and apply on a piece of leather. The animal should be shod with a bar shoe. After the corn has been removed, pare away all loose horn from the front and inject in the crack at the side of the frog, as well as in the cleft, the following: Calomel, 1 oz.; sweet oil, 2 ozs. Mix and spread on a piece of lint or oakum. Side-bone is a change to a bony substance, taking place in the lateral cartilages of the fore feet. In early stages, by using a bar shoe, giving the animal a rest, and a blistering to stop the formation of bone, the lameness may be overcome. When ossification is complete, there is no help. Removal of the cartilages with a knife has been tried, but the results have not been satisfactory.

Cow Loses Flesh—Diarrhea.

H. H. W., Pennsylvania: For the diarrhea, give the cow a pint of linseed oil once a day for two days. Then if the secretion of the bowels does not cease, give this: Powdered alum, ½ oz.; powdered ginger, ½ oz. Mix and give in a quart of milk once a day until the discharges moderate. After the diarrhea has been overcome, give this tonic powder: Sulphate of iron, 3 drachms; gentian, 2 drachms; ginger, 1 drachm; fenugreek seed, 1 drachm. Powder and mix. Give as one dose, repeating morning and night for a week. Her food must be entirely changed. Feed no new corn or cornfodder for a week or two. Her milk will be of good flow, if her system is healthy.

Stalks Badly—Callous Spot.

E. T., Indiana: The induration that resulted after your mare was kicked above the fetlock joint will not disappear very readily, if at all. The best thing you can do for it will be to rub it twice a day with iodine, ¼ oz.; soap liniment, 6 ozs. If the part gets sore, stop for a few days and repeat. For the stalking, give the mare 1 dram pulverized saltpetre once a day for three days. Repeat in two weeks. Give exercise every day.

To Deaden Trees.

S. C. S., Virginia: As good a time as any to deaden trees, is in January or August, to prevent sprouting, although sprouting will occur, no matter what season of the year trees are ringed. To deaden timber for a few years, when cut, it should be so piled that air may pass under it and through all the layers of the timber.

Steer in Bad Condition.

C. H. H., Indiana: Have you examined your steer's mouth to see if there is not a splint or other substance between his teeth, in his tongue or along his jaws? If there is not, he is suffering from actinomycosis. This disease attacks the external and internal organs, and is a serious thing. Give the steer 1 drachm iodide of potassium once a day, until the disease is overcome. This may require treatment for a month. If there is weeping of the eyes and discharge from the nose, do not be alarmed. There may also be peeling off of the outer layer of the skin. The animal will thrive under the treatment. The medicine should be given in a pint of water. The lumps on the tongue may be lanced and tincture of iodine injected. When the injection of the tongue is applied, the inward medicine should be omitted on any given day.

Tumor on Cow's Eyeball.

J. L. W., Illinois: The fungus tumor on the eyeball, or orbit, occasionally appears. This may result from a wound, or without any apparent cause. It involves all the contents of the orbit, and sometimes the bony wall itself. The only hope to prevent emaciation and at times death of the animal, is to remove the eyeball. This should be in the hands of a veterinary surgeon who is thoroughly acquainted with the anatomical structures involved in such an operation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

How to Cure Hog Cholera.

Editor Blade Farmstead: Being a subscriber to the Blade, and seeing an inquiry some time ago in regard to hog cholera, I will, with your permission, answer it through your columns.

Results of 16 years' study of hog cholera: There is no disease among domestic animals that has caused so much worry to the farmer and hog raiser as has cholera among hogs. No disease has been so hard, seemingly, to fight against. Sixteen years ago I commenced to study this one disease, having on hand and feeding at that time 200 head of hogs. Being away from home, word was sent me that my hogs were sick. When I got home I found 16 dead ones, and the balance to a great extent affected.

If there ever was a man prayed to the Lord for help, it was myself. To lose my hogs at that time was to lose all that I had. I had beforehand prepared a remedy, but had never used it. Now it came into play. My coat came off, sleeves rolled up. I went at it night and day. Had a hog hospital. I actually cured hogs that could neither kick nor squeal. Have never lost a hog since with cholera, nor have I ever known any one else to lose a hog that I have given my remedy where they followed directions.

What is hog cholera?

It is just simply typhoid fever; this and nothing more. There is not a particle of difference between typhoid fever in the human family and hog cholera. What will cure one will cure the other. Treat a hog the same as you would a human being, and nine times out of ten he will get well. A hog will take the cholera, or typhoid fever, more quickly from the human family than from any other source, and it is possible to take the disease from a hog. Cats have it, and are sure to die. Have watched the disease in a cat from start to finish. Rats have it, but not in a violent form, but they will spoil a crib of old corn in a short time for hog feeding, unless the corn is soaked in a solution of copperas water. Hog cholera and chicken cholera are one and the same disease. It breaks out in the most unexpected places. This seems a mystery to most people, but it is easily explained. Have known whole families to take typhoid fever one by one. If the germs of fever enter a healthy body the chances are it will be thrown off, but if it should find lodgment then the fever will develop. As the germ will enter the human family, so will it enter almost any other animal, and be carried from one place to another. The cure:

Two pounds of copperas, 2 pounds of sulphur, 5 pounds of charcoal, 4 ozs. of black antimony, 4 ozs. gentian. Mix into a fine powder. If hogs will not eat it, throw on back, place a strap around lower jaw, draw open mouth and put down two tablespoonfuls four times a day. Put the medicine down as far as you can with an iron spoon. If hogs will eat, a tablespoonful to each hog four times a day in corn meal, bran and shorts. To prevent feed four times a week.

Now this medicine is cheap, can be had at any country store and will be found of priceless value to all that use it. Now, all hens, but must especially so for the moulting ones. Cold frosty mornings remind us that hens had better stay in the house until 9 o'clock, or perchance till noon. Nothing is made by turning them out to eat frost.

Space Between Apple Trees.

We were rather surprised to note in an Eastern exchange the advice of its horticultural editor to a Western inquirer concerning what the latter should plant between the rows of his apple trees in order profitably to utilize it. He thought of setting it to peach trees, but his Eastern adviser, who is supposed to know all about orchards and horticultural conditions everywhere, urges him to plant more apple trees between the rows running north and south, provided the distance between the rows is as much as thirty feet. Of course it is unwise to set peach trees between the rows of apple trees, or set them in the apple orchard in any manner, but such a procedure could be no more unwise than to set any variety of apple trees between the already close rows. Thirty feet is not far enough for apple trees to be set in the first place, but when it comes to setting them fifteen feet apart in one way, leaving the other thirty feet the other, we consider the thing is being considerably overdone.

The more trees occupying a given space the more moisture and plant food will be required to maintain them, and trees planted thirty feet each way will tax the soil quite as much as it is able to stand after they get well established, and it will be found necessary to manure the orchard or give it a year or two of some restorative crop in order to keep the trees in the best condition, in vigorous growth and strong. No soil can feed sufficiently an orchard set fifteen feet one way and thirty the other, and the result will be a poor crop of fruit, not only of the younger trees, set several years after the first planting, but of the older ones, which would be robbed of growth-forming substances appropriated by the later plantings. As valuable as land is in many sections of the country, it will not pay to tax it with too many trees. We have found it a good plan to grow raspberries, potatoes, blackberries, sugar beets, stock carrots, etc., between the rows of trees as long as cultivation could be easily given. In this event the plants were never close to the trees, but ten or twelve feet from the bodies, having a mere strip for whatever plant grown. It makes no difference what variety of apple is planted between five or six-year-old trees set thirty or thirty-five feet either way—all kinds will branch and spread out so that the orchard will be a perfect mass, impervious to that all-essential to plant life—sunlight. Give the trees plenty of room; don't crowd them, for a few trees will do better if given perfect freedom than a large orchard cramped as are many.—Farmers' Voice.

Few Days' Brew of Deadly Uric Acid.

In a few days you brew enough uric acid in your own body to produce death. Your kidneys are your only salvation. Because when they are well, they filter out this deadly poison.

So, when your kidneys are sick, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

They are all being slowly poisoned.

Uric acid poison irritates the nerves, and causes rheumatic pains in joints, muscles and limbs, headache, backache, stomach and liver trouble, shortness of breath, heart trouble, dizziness, nervousness, irritability, lassitude, loss of ambition, weakness and wasting away.

Red brick dust and similar sediments in the urine are also caused by various salts of uric acid.

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy.

It instantly relieves the congested, overworked kidneys, and gradually brings them back to health.

Healthy kidneys keep down the excess of uric acid, and you soon feel the benefit in new health and strength.

Swamp-Root should at once be taken upon the least sign of ill-health. It will make you well and is for sale the world over in bottles of two sizes and two prices, fifty cents and one-dollar.

Swamp-Root is used in the leading hospitals; recommended by skillful physicians in their private practice; and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney and bladder troubles.

To prove its wonderful efficacy, send your name and address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., mentioning this paper, when you will receive, free of all charge, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a valuable book, by mail, prepaid. This book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured.

Proper Way to Feed Lambs.

Peter Jansen, the great western sheep feeder, says: From a very small beginning some twenty years ago, the business of fattening sheep for the butchers has become a gigantic enterprise. The most important point in starting to feed sheep is to buy the right kind and at the right price. The three important things in feeding sheep are a dry feed lot, pure water and plenty of good feed; and, as a fourth essential, I would add regularity and good common sense. With these, anybody can make fat sheep. Whether he can make money in feeding them is not quite so sure. After getting the sheep they should be thoroughly dipped for scab, and where a long feed is contemplated, they should by all means be dipped twice, from ten to twelve days apart. The operation of dipping is now so well known that it is unnecessary for me to enter into the details, but it should be done thoroughly. Opinions differ as to the dip to be used.

I am careful to start my sheep very slowly on grain, giving them about a quarter of a pound at first, with all the roughness they want, gradually increasing the grain and increasing the roughness fed. It takes about 30 days to get them on full feed, and I believe it is a good plan never to overcrowd their appetites, especially when they are to be fed four or five months. When on full feed, grown wethers will eat from one and one-half to two and one-half pounds of grain a day; lambs somewhat less. If it is possible, a mixture of oats, shelled corn bran or oil makes a splendid ration. But this is often not practicable on account of the high price of some of these ingredients. I have made very fat sheep on nothing but clear shelled corn and wheat straw. It takes from three to four bushels of grain to fatten a sheep, and we figure on ten tons of roughness for 100 sheep during the average feeding season. I feed them grain three times a day, and roughness twice—morning and evening. Of course, they must have plenty of good clear water. I keep salt before them always.

Late Moulting.

Generally a few hens will moult late. Also when they do shed the feathers they lose them so rapidly that they are almost naked. Such hens are in a poor condition to withstand the sudden changes in November. Hens with their new coats huddle around and shiver and perhaps catch a cold, which frailty terminates in roup. I am fully persuaded that it would pay to have a separate house in which to confine these late-moulting hens. By so doing they would be out of the cold winds, writes A. Shriver in the National Stockman.

Whether it pays to keep these late-moulting hens may be a question. I have noticed this, however, a hen that commences moulting in November will accomplish this work in considerably less time than those that commence losing their feathers in August.

This being the case is another reason why they should be separated and receive extra feed.

I have noticed also that those shedding late will commence laying sooner after they are through moulting than those which changed their coats earlier in the season. November is trying month for all hens, but must especially so for the moulting ones. Cold frosty mornings remind us that hens had better stay in the house until 9 o'clock, or perchance till noon. Nothing is made by turning them out to eat frost.

Experiments in Pig Feeding.

Bulletin 66 issued from the New Hampshire College Experiment Station, Durham, gives "Experiments in Pig Feeding," by Charles Wm. Burkett. The experiments include:

First—Pumpkins, cooked and uncooked; apples and pumpkins; cornmeal, cornmeal and bran.

Second—Bran, fermented and unfermented; bran and cornmeal; cornmeal.

Third—Corn and cob meal; corn on ear.

These experiments were conducted during the past year with pigs raised at this station. The pigs were a cross of Chester white sows and a Berkshire boar. Up to the time of the experiments they were fed a ration consisting of skimmed milk, corn and middlings.

The conclusions from these experiments show:

The cooking of pum

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

One of the strongest, the most dramatic books of the season is Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim, the weakest thing about it being its clumsy name. That, however, is soon forgotten when the reader begins the story, which is constructed with the most wonderful skill. Two lines of action are carried forward, one seemingly independent of the other, but which gradually draw nearer and nearer, until they prove to be really parts of one almost perfect whole.

Of this novel, which, it was supposed would be a study of Washington politics and turns out to be something so far away from that, the following history has been given:

It was begun a number of years ago, and was originally intended to be a novel of political intrigue, with Washington as the scene of action. When the tale was half completed, work upon it was interrupted, and Mrs. Burnett devoted herself to other literary projects. In the interval that followed, the author made her home in England, and occupied herself with the writing of two historical novels of Queen Anne's time, A Lady of Quality and His Grace of Osmonde. The desire, however, to finish the earlier work had remained strong with Mrs. Burnett, and last summer she took it up with renewed interest and completed it, but not on the lines originally laid down for the persepective of the period, since she began the story led her to recast the entire novel, to divest it of its political character, and to lay the chief emphasis on the human interest attached to the fortunes of Tom De Willoughby and his adopted daughter.

In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A very beautiful volume both in matter and manner is My Study Fire, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. The charm of the author's pen is not unknown to many readers, and they will find it in no wise diminished in these chapters. One understands exactly the feeling that possessed him when he wrote: "The day broke cold and gray, with an unmistakable aspect of winter in the sky and upon the fields; the little landlocked harbor looked black and desolate, and the wide expanse of water beyond was dark, cold and threatening. I found my study cheerless and unfamiliar; it was deserted by one season, and the next had not yet taken possession of it."

The volume is beautifully and fitly illustrated by Maude and Genevieve Cowles, two artists who have attracted no little attention by the delicate imagination and fine perceptions which their work in current publications has shown. The whole book is so delightful to the eye and so satisfying to the intellect and heart, that no prettier gift to a friend can be found. It is published by Dodd, Mead & Company.

What Is Good English and Other Essays, by Harry Thurston Peck, is a new volume of miscellaneous papers which takes its title from the leading number, called What Is Good English. In this the author says that "the speaker and writer, who is always spic and span in his verbal dress, who clothes his ideas only in the language of books, and who pronounces his words absolutely in accordance with the orthoepy ordained in dictionaries, may perhaps be an 'educated' man; but his education is, in all probability, a very superficial one, for he is not sufficiently educated to be on easy terms with his education. On the other hand, the style that draws freely upon all the sources of our mother tongue, that is seasoned and vivified with good racy idioms, that at times and in proper places allows itself a coloring of colloquialism, and that is not afraid of even a strong and striking bit of slang when it will serve a special purpose—this is the style

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1899.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE .....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 168,000

BORROWING OUR GOLD.

The gold which is now going to Europe is not to pay trade balances. That account is heavily in our favor. This gold is a loan, not a payment. It is borrowed of us, because we have plenty of it, and are able to lend it without any inconvenience to ourselves.

The need abroad is because of the South African war. The Bank of England is buying the yellow metal, and will continue to do so until hostilities reach the point from which the end is apparent. And it is probable that the most of the purchases will be made in the United States. A year ago we had some 950 millions of gold, and this has been increased to over a billion during the past twelvemonth. We can loan a hundred millions, or even double that amount, without disturbing our business interests in the least.

All this gold which is lent will come back to us. The debt will be paid. And it is to be remembered that there is a very large balance due us because of the large excess of our exports over our imports—the trade balance in our favor. It can not too often be impressed upon the American people that the United States is a debtor nation no longer. We are now a creditor. People in other countries owe us more than Americans owe to foreigners.

This most desirable state of things has come about as the result of the election of 1896. The people then recorded their demand for an honest redemption of obligations in dollars of the same value as the dollars in which the obligations were incurred. And at the same time they recorded their demand that the policy of a tariff in the interest of foreign industries and foreign workingmen—as exemplified in the Wilson bill—should be abandoned, and this country return to the sound policy of protection to American industries and American workingmen.

The Dingley law secured the latter. The financial bill now before congress will write into the statutes the former mandate. It will remove all the ambiguity involved in the use of the word "coin" in all our financial legislation, from long before the civil war down to the present time. The Republican victory in 1896 started our idle industries into active operation, gave confidence in our financial status, and has changed us from a debtor to a creditor nation. The Presidential campaign of next year will give the people an opportunity to reaffirm their convictions, to again indorse the wealth-producing policy of the Republican party, and to place our prosperity on a still firmer basis.

INTERVENTION NOT POSSIBLE.

The South African war is one with which the United States has no concern. It is not one in which an offer of mediation, though made with the highest motives, could or would be accepted by both parties. No doubt, The Transvaal would welcome the offer, were the United States government to make it; but nothing is more certain than that England would curtly decline the proposition.

From her point of view, it is not a case wherein arbitration can be employed, for it involves the question of sovereignty and national honor. She would reject all propositions to arbitrate such a matter. If there is to be any interference in Transvaal affairs, it must be by armed intervention. Public opinion would not support our government in such a step. And there seems to be no probability that any European power will meddle, at the cost of a war with England.

Of course, the purpose of any such intervention would be to cripple England as a world-power. Both France and Russia would be glad to do this; but the attitude of Germany prevents it. British diplomacy was far-seeing, and it established an understanding with Germany before hostilities began. What the bargain with the Kaiser involves is still a state secret; but it is to be noted that after the Czar had a personal interview with the Emperor William at Potsdam, he removed the Russian minister of foreign affairs, Mouravieff, who made a tour of European capitals to ascertain the feeling with regard to armed interference in favor of the Boers. France can not move alone, and as there is no chance of concerted action, the war will be fought to a termination between British and Boers.

THE FIGHT IS ON.

There is a getting together of the anti-Bryan Democrats under the leadership of John R. McLean. All the elements opposed to Bryan's renomination are being welded, and long before the date of the convention will be working together like a machine.

Mr. Bryan and his friends were anxious to have the meeting of the national committee to fix a time and place for the convention held on the 8th of January, but the members of the committee have been tampered with and the meeting will not take place until six weeks later.

Then will come the tug of war. Bryan wants the convention held at Kansas City, as far from the enemy's country as possible. The anti-Bryan Democrats will support McLean in his efforts to take the convention to Cincinnati, and if this is done look out for fireworks of the most modern pattern. It promises to be a lively fight and one which Republicans will enjoy to the utmost.

The Washington Post suggests a live issue for the Democratic party: When does the present century end? This is too live an issue for such a dead party.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

A movement is on foot to storm Congress with a proposition to admit large package of merchandise to the mails at a low postage rate. In Great Britain, the postage on parcels is six cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional one—nothing heavier than eleven pounds to be carried. This is being used as an argument for the adoption of a similar plan in the United States.

The point seems to have escaped attention that the cost of transportation in the United States would be much greater than in Great Britain. That island's area is a little more than twice that of Ohio. A package would not be carried over 500 miles there, while in the United States it might be carried over 3,000 miles. The average haul would probably be six times as great in the United States as in Great Britain. Why, then, should we take her rates as a basis?

A second practical objection is that our postal system is not self-supporting. It costs some $9,000,000 per year more than its revenues. The adoption of a very low rate for large parcels would largely increase this line of mail matter, and add to the expenses without any appreciable increase in revenue. The shortage would have to be paid from the government's general revenues. In other words, the whole people would be taxed for the benefit of people who did their shopping by mail.

The proposition is advanced by the large department stores, in the effort to grab more trade than belongs to them. They desire to extend their sales by means of the mails all over the United States. They are perfectly willing that the people should be taxed to meet the deficit in postal revenues which would be the result. The plan, if carried out, would work to the lasting injury of country merchants all over the United States, especially in those districts most sparsely settled. It would injure the business of villages all over the Union. These merchants should rouse themselves to the real nature of this scheme, and make their protests heard in Congress against it.

THE MICHIGAN SCANDAL.

We are inclined to the belief that the Michigan legislature was the primary cause of the scandal in state military circles which Governor Pingree is now busily engaged in probing. At the outbreak of the Spanish war, a law was passed creating a war fund, to be used in equipping the Michigan volunteers. That appropriation bill contained a proviso that none of the equipments so purchased should be used in equipping the state national guard. This was probably deemed a wise provision, in that it confined the expenditure to the one purpose of the equipment of Michigan soldiers in the field.

But the Spanish war ended quickly, and last July the state quartermaster general had on hand $53,000 worth of new clothing, tents, etc. As under the provision above quoted these could not be used for the state militia, they were advertised for sale, and were purchased by the Illinois Supply company for $10,500. At the same time, an order was placed with the Henderson-Ames company for the equipment of the national guard, at a cost of $62,000.

Now it is charged that the Illinois Supply company was only a dummy corporation and that it really represented the Henderson-Ames company. Furthermore, it is charged that the latter simply sold back to the state the goods it purchased from it, making about 600 per cent on the deal. Of this profit of $51,500 it is assumed that certain portions were used to influence the state's military circles. Governor Pingree demanded the resignations of the adjutant general, quartermaster general and inspector general, on account of the scandal. The two latter complied, though asserting their action to be correct in every respect. Adjutant General Case gave a curt refusal, and the governor is expected to prefer formal charges against him, to secure his removal from office.

Meantime, the Henderson-Ames company looms to the front as the latest Napoleon of finance.

DEATH OF MOODY.

For more than a quarter of a century, the name of Dwight L. Moody has been known in almost every household in every civilized country on the globe. He was recognized as the greatest evangelist in the English-speaking world. The thousands who heard him, and the millions who read of his good works, thought less of his individuality than of his wonderful influence.

Mr. Moody was not an educated man. He was far from being an orator. He possessed no tricks of speech. He never sought notoriety for himself. His talks were not modernized after the fashion of so many of the later pulpit speakers.

His power was in his earnestness. From the beginning to the end of his remarkable career, he preached the gospel. But he had a directness of speech which swept aside every doubt, and brought his hearers face to face with the truths of the Scriptures.

In all the years that he was before the public, not a blemish was discovered on his character. "He stood in the blaze of that fierce light which beats against the throne, but its brightest ray found no flaw in his shield." His most pronounced critics, not even the scoffers of religion, ever accused Dwight L. Moody of hypocrisy. The more the world knew and heard of Moody, the more it believed in him.

His personal efforts for the salvation of souls extended over two continents, while his influence for good was world-wide. Whatever the future state may be, the world believes that all is well with the soul of Moody.

PROOF OF GOOD TIMES.

Among the many facts which show the prosperous condition of the masses of the people in the United States there is none more convincing than the large amount of "Christmas money" sent abroad. The foreign money order business for this December is the largest on record. The Atlantic lines leaving New York last week were the last which will arrive in Europe in time for Christmas, and they took out 68,229 money orders, for the snug total of $729,608. Besides these, 71,291 registered packages were sent.

These money orders are largely Christmas presents sent by foreign-born citizens to parents and relatives in Europe. The senders are very largely of the working class, and the large total is proof that they are prosperous. Men who find it hard to meet family expenses do not send remittances or presents to friends across the sea.

A GOOD AMERICAN SERIAL SOON TO BEGIN IN THE BLADE.

'Please give us a good American serial story next." This is the burden of a number of letters received from Blade readers all over the country, and we thank them for the suggestion. We try to make The Blade just what its readers desire it to be. Don't be offish. Be friendly. Sit down and write us what you would like to have, and we will do our best to meet your wishes. Suggestions from our friends are always in order and always thankfully received.

We have acted upon the above request. We are soon to have the manuscript of a really American story, treating of American life. It is being writen by the author of a serial we published ten years ago, entitled "Uncle Sam in 1892." Our older readers will recall that story—which we believe was well liked by all—and the prophecies with regard to the drift in American politics which were so wonderfully carried out by the elections of 1892 and 1896. Of course the author did not pretend to be gifted with prophetic powers. He is a close student of events and of popular feeling in the United States, and he felt reasonably sure that the predictions he made were the legitimate outcome of conditions then existing. He hit the mark.

The new story is not yet named, but we have an intimation that he will again indulge in a little forecasting of the political and economic future of the United States. As in the former story, these forecasts will be but one feature of the story proper, which will be thoroughly interesting, entirely American in tone and feeling, and we believe will be so well liked by The Blade's readers that they will esteem the good old paper still more highly than they now do.

THE FINANCIAL BILL.

The practical acquiescence of the whole country in the verdict passed upon free silver at the election of 1896, was shown by the debate on the House financial bill, as well as by the vote on its passage. Nobody took any interest in the week's discussion, day by day. Three years ago, the reporting of that measure to the House would have stirred up the country from ocean to ocean. What a demonstration of the value and magnitude of the campaign of education which was the feature of the summer of 1896!

The vote in the House revealed the unity of the Republicans in support of the measure, and the irreconcilable division among the Democrats. The figures were 190 for the bill, 150 against it, and 14 not voting. The bill received 179 Republican and eleven Democratic votes. The fact is most significant that eleven Democrats felt that public opinion among their constituents was strong enough for sound money to enable them to defy the Chicago platform and the friends of Bryan, and support a measure which removes all doubt and uncertainty from our financial system.

Whatever the Senate may do in the way of amending or changing the measure in its banking or other details, it will not touch the basic proposition—that all of the promises to pay issued under the authority of the United States are redeemable in gold. This does not mean—as many wild-eyed Populists in the West and South devoutly believe—that actual gold coin must be paid in every transaction. It simply means that redemption shall be in dollars which will buy as much as gold dollars. Paper will be used quite as extensively as it is now. We have been on the gold standard since 1873. The bill does not change this status. But it makes it impossible to pay in silver dollars at their bullion value, which has always been the danger in our financial system.

WALL STREET'S FLURRY.

The flurry in Wall street was the legitimate result of unsound business methods. Over-capitalization of the great industrial trusts, the overloading of the security market with these watered stocks, and over-speculation—the latter largely promoted by the unusually low interest rates prevailing—are the factors which brought the squeeze.

The men who deal in stocks borrow money from the banks to carry on their operations. These loans are secured by depositing stocks, listed by the New York stock exchange, to the amount of the loan. The market price of these stocks alone is considered, not their face value. To obtain a loan of $10,000, the operator must put up stocks which, at the market rate, will sell for $10,000. If the stock used as collateral declines in price on the market, the borrower is called upon to make it good. He has to add enough more stock to bring its market value up to the amount of the loan.

As stated above, a vast number of new business corporations have been launched within the past few months, and largely over-capitalized. These stocks have glutted the market. There were more opportunities offered than there were investors. As a result, the market prices of these stocks began to decline. The banks, with a proper regard for their own safety, became chary of making loans on this security. Consequently money became scarce for stock operators, while the banks loaned liberally to merchants, manufacturers and others for legitimate business operations.

Consequently the buying demand for stock fell off, and prices dropped as a result. Then, of course, came demands upon borrowers to make good their margins. Many operators found they had more stocks than they could carry. They tried to sell them. Prices broke, and there was a pretty serious time, but it has been tided over. The best comment we have seen on the subject is the following, from the New York Commercial:

> Wildcat enterprises must necessarily fall of their own weight. If a credulous public invest in their securities then a credulous public will lose. No law has been devised or ever will be devised by human brain sufficiently strong to prevent a fool from separating himself from his money when he sets out to do so. There is no change in the real value of legitimate concerns with tangible assets to back up their pretensions, but within the last six or eight months industrial stocks have slumped $20,885,160. Necessarily, sound properties have been affected to some extent for the reason that money speculators have had to make good their losses by throwing prime securities on the market. Speculation was a craze last spring, and almost every man with a few dollars ahead felt that he had to be in the market in order to be in the swim. Forced liquidation as the first of January approached was a natural sequence. Losses have been heavy, but they will certainly have one good effect. They will check speculation for a time.

PUBLISH THE NAMES.

In the recent military operations in Luzon, the archives of the late insurgent government was captured. They include a number of letters from American anti-expansionists, Gen. Otis reports. It is probable these documents are already on their way to Washington.

The names of these base Americans who gave and comfort to a causeless and wicked insurrection should be made public by the government as soon as the letters are in its possession. If they involve men in official positions, the letters themselves should be published, that the people may know the full measure of their disloyalty and perfidy. And these gentlemen should be invited to resign, and retire to private life. American positions of honor and trust should not be filled by copperhead traitors.

CLARK HOWELL ON EXPANSION.

Hon. Clark Howell, of the Atlanta Constitution, made an address in Buffalo the other evening which does honor to his head and heart. He is a progressive man, and in line with the development of the new South. He dealt with the Philippine question, and showed his full sympathy with Senator Morgan, of Alabama; Governor Jones, of Arkansas; Henry Watterson, and other leaders of the highest plane of Southern sentiment. The wretched little junta of anti-expansionists found not comfort in Mr. Howell's utterances.

As to the war, he declared the insurrection must be put down. It is useless to argue the whys and the wherefores of its origin. It exists, and must be crushed. "It should be enough for any American citizen, whatever may be his political opinion, to know that our boys are being killed, our flag is being assailed, and our authority being defied," is his patriotic utterance.

Mr. Howell has not patience with the narrow-minded conservatives who are "seeing things." He laughs at the phantoms of imperialism, militarism, despotism, etc., which their imaginations conjure up. To those who, like cowards, to avoid these imaginary dangers, counsel an abandonment of the islands to Aguinaldo's Tagal herd, Mr. Howells paid his respects in this wise:

> If I thought for a moment that such expression embodied anything like a popular sentiment I would feel concern for the honor of our country and the security of its government. Firm, however, in the faith of our fathers and impressed with the view that public sentiment, when fully aroused, seldom goes wrong, I prefer to take such a manifestation as the morbid and aggravated sentiment of a hopeless and thoughtless element, which no more measures the patriotism of our masses than a grain of sand in the hour glass measures eternity.

He realizes that American control means freedom in the highest sense; the continuance of the work of enlightenment and civilization, such as we have brought to the wilderness from the Alleghanies to the Pacific within a little more than a century. "The school teacher," he said, "will supplant the soldier, and the caravans of commerce will be substituted for the caissons of artillery, our mission will be understood, and our efforts will not be hindered. Instead of our arsenals, our manufactories will supply the tonnage that will make the broad bosom of the Pacific heave in the welcome embrace of our extended commerce."

His closing words touched the clearest note of the highest national duty. The islands are ours beyond a doubt; ours to organize and establish therein a government which comports with our national prestige. Our mission, he declares, it to educate the natives, to give them gradually the autonomy to which, under our principles, fitness is the sole title. To abandon them would be dishonorable, cowardly and absurd, for the result would be tribal strife and foreign aggression. We must restore peace and give the natives a government "which shall be a tribute to the glory of our institutions and a triumph for the sincerity of our purpose." And to this every patriotic American says amen.

GENERAL LAWTON'S SPEECH.

The Atlanta Journal calls attention to a speech made by Gen. Lawton at the banquet given in honor of President McKinley, during Atlanta's Peace Jubilee celebration. The President and other prominent men present made speeches, and good ones, but not one sentence that any one of them spoke is now remembered. It was different with Lawton. His speech consisted of but two sentences, and the Journal says it is remembered by all who heard it. When called out, Gen. Lawton said:

"I am not an orator; I am a soldier. I am not a hero; I am a regular."

At that time, Gen. Lawton was a hero. His services in the civil war made him a hero. There was not a more fearless or effective fighter in Cuba than was Gen. Lawton. He was twice a hero when he made his modest speech at Atlanta. Since that time and prior to his death, he was a Philippine hero. And yet he assumed nothing for himself. He was content with the modest assertion that he was a soldier; not a hero, but just a regular.

Gen. Lawton was as modest as he was brave. Toledo is proud to be the birthplace of such a man.

THE MATTER WITH JONES.

Senator James K. Jones, chairman of the Democratic national committee, declares that the prospects of his party for success the year preceding a Presidential election were never brighter. He made this statement a day or two ago in Chicago. The trouble with Jones is the fact that he is utterly unable to recognize conditions that prevail outside his own state. He looks at everything from the Arkansaw standpoint, and imagines that the whole country is Arkansas.

The senator deminds us of the toad in the fable. This particular toad lived a secluded life in a certain valley, and upon remarking that there was nothing beyond the hill, a more traveled toad volunteered to act as guide to the top of the hill, and show his erring brother the prospect beyond. The summit of the hill was reached. The toad under the guide's care, stood up to see beyond, but his eyes being in the back of his head, he saw only the valley in which he had always lived, and thoroughly convinced that all the rest of the world was just like his own neighborhood, returned again to his home.

Does Senator Jones wear his eyes in the back of his head?

"REVOLT IN NEBRASKA."

We are indebted to thirty-five intelligent readers in Nebraska for promptly writing to us to correct an error in an editorial article in last week's issue, under the above caption. In it the blunder was made of stating that the late Senator Hayward was "elected as a straight-cut Democrat."

Hayward was a Republican—and one of the best Republicans in the nation. The fusion of Democrats and Populists carried the state for the Bryan electoral ticket in 1896 by 13,576 plurality. In 1898, Hayward was the Republican candidate for governor, and so strong a campaign did he wage that Poynter, his Fusion opponent, won by the narrow margin of 2,721 plurality.

But the Republicans carried the state legislature. The state senate has 3 Republican majority, the house 10, giving a Republican majority on joint ballot of 13. Mr. Hayward was elected United States senator by this body. His recent death created a vacancy. Governor Poynter had the option, of course, of appointing a senator to serve until the next session of the legislature, or of calling that body in extra session to elect Hayward's successor. But as that body is Republican, he chose the former, and appointed the wearisome Allen, a Populist, who can talk a hole through a brick wall if given free rein.

Next fall a new legislature is to be chosen. It will not only elect a successor for the remainder of the term for which Hayward was chosen, but it has also to choose a successor to Senator Thurston. With both senatorships depending upon the issue, and a Presidential election happening at the same time, the contest in Nebraska promises to be one of the hottest and most exciting in the country. It is Bryan's state, and he will battle to secure its electoral vote, while the contest will be none the less eager to secure the two senatorial seats.

The Fusion party in that state seems to be composed of an office-grabbing crowd. One of our friends, who has written to call an attention to the misstatement noted above, adds this, with reference to an opinion we expressed as to Allen's appointment:

> As to the appointment of Allen causing a break between Democrats and Populists in this state, while I would like to see such a result, I am not so sanguine that such will be the case, as neither the Populists nor Democrats of Nebraska know anything about principle. With them the greed for office is the ruling passion, and small things like honor and principle will not break the bond of unity between them.

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON.

General Lawton died a soldier's death—on the firing line, his face to the foe. It is a lamentable fact that his own bravery was his undoing. His high courage was not mere reckless bravado, but an absence of the emotion of fear. He was magnificent in his physical proportions. Six feet two inches in height, straight as an arrow, and splendidly built, in his white helmet he was a conspicuous figure always, and many a Filipino has aimed at him only to prove his own inability as a marksman. But at last a Filipino bullet found its billet, and the hero Lawton was the victim.

Elsewhere in this issue is given the story of Lawton's birth in Toledo, his childhood in Maumee, and the story of his army career, from the beginning of the civil war to his lamented death. Ohio glories in claiming him as her son, and Toledo takes an honest pride in the fact that within her bounds he first saw the light of day.

General Lawton made a great reputation in the many Indian troubles since the civil war. He was recognized as a thorough master of the art of fighting in a rough country with a concealed foe; and the experience gained in these campaigns served him well in the Luzon campaign. He never needlessly sacrificed his men, nor did he ever make a military movement in mere bravado, for the sake of show. Since he has been in the Philippines, he has been highly commended as an officer who did all in his power to protect non-combatant natives from harm, and their property from looting.

His death is all the more to be lamented because, to all appearances, the campaign is nearly over, and he soon would have been enabled to enjoy the rest he had so fully earned. The success of the series of operations within the past few weeks, which have destroyed the insurgent government, and scattered its forces, is due largely to the executive talent and tireless energy of General Lawton. He fell when his hour of complete triumph had almost come. His brave and fearless soul has left its earthly tenement, but his example remains with the American army, an inspiration to every officer and man.

TRADE WITH THE COLONIES.

The trade between the United States people and our insular provinces—Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines—must, in the nature of things, become as free as that between the individual states. No duties will be paid on their products coming into the United States; in return, ours will enter these islands free. This interchange will benefit both. They will become part of our great home market; our people will absorb their exports.

But there are some special interests which are raising an outcry at this natural and necessary reciprocity. The fruit-growers of California fear their industry will be injured thereby. The tobacco-growers are opposed to allowing the tobacco grown in the tropics to compete on equal terms with their product. The cane and beet sugar growers join in the cry. A convention at Omaha to consolidate these interests for a move on Congress in opposition to reciprocity with our islands, and to fight any reciprocity treaty with Cuba when she shall assume the responsibility of her own government, is already called.

These efforts will be without result. The fact remains that none of these industries are capable of supplying our home market fully. All the sugar planters in the United States, for instance, furnish but about one-tenth of the sugar we consume. The other nine-tenths must be imported. Even if all the sugar that can be produced in these islands were added to our output, it would still fall far short of our demands. The same is true as to tobacco and fruits. Climate and soil put a bar to our raising a sufficient supply for our own needs.

The cry that the protective policy is in danger is fallacious. The cardinal tenet of that policy is to keep our own market for our own producers by imposing a protective duty on all products of which we can produce enough to supply our needs; and to admit free, or at a low rate, articles of comfort or of necessity which we cannot produce. Sugar, tobacco, and semi-tropical fruits come in between these categories. We can furnish a part of what we need, but can not hope to enlarge that production to supply all. Nor is it probable that the total production of our islands, added to the home crops, will equal our needs. But, even were this not true, the duty remains of treating these islands as a part of our country in all respects. Hence reciprocity in trade with them is a necessity.

Indiana already has under a way a project to erect a monument to General Lawton. Ohio, the state of Lawton's nativity, should build a monument to his memory and the proper place for such a memorial is here in Toledo, where he was born.

Philadelphia proposes to get her name in the outside papers if she did have to put up $100,000 to take care of the National Republican convention.

The question which is now puzzling Mr. Quay is whether or not he is It.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

New Inauguration Day.

Again the proposition is before Congress, in the form of a joint resolution, for a change in the date of inauguration. An amendment to the constitution is required. The resolution calls for the submission to the state legislatures of an amendment providing that the terms of the President of the United States and the Fifty-sixth Congress shall not expire until the first Wednesday in April, 1901, and that thereafter the terms of the President and Congress shall expire on the last Wednesday in April instead of the 4th of March. This, of course, would make the last Wednesday in April, of every fourth year, the inauguration day. The proposition is not new, and the principal argument of its advocates is that the weather in Washington at the end of April is much more favorable for the people to visit the national capital, and for the great out-door pageants that form so attractive a feature of inauguration day ceremonies, than during the first week of March.

"Watch Dogs" Unwise.

Years ago, Wm. L. Holman, Representative from Indiana, acquired the title of "watch dog of the Treasury" by his constant objections to items of national expenditure. He was proud of the title, but others regarded it as a term of contempt, because his economies were generally of the cheese-paring order. Proper economy is always wise, but liberal expenditure in some cases becomes the highest wisdom. In the storm of condemnation now sweeping over Great Britain over the disasters to the English arms in South Africa, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the chancellor of the exchequer, is coming in for a large share. It is said the insufficiency of the British force was recognized by the war office, but that Sir Michael refused to grant the money necessary for the adequate preparations which that office wished to make. Treasury watch dogs are not the highest and best type of public official.

Lord Kitchener.

Sir Herbert Kitchener is a man who can adapt himself to circumstances. Patient, keen, brave and resourceful, his appointment as chief of staff to Lord Roberts is hailed with joy by the English people. He is a man of the same general type as the lamented Lawton, and he is expected to win new laurels in the difficult and dangerous campaign he is now entering upon.

It is "Puerto Rico."

The government has finally adopted the correct spelling, and it will hereafter be "Puerto Rico" instead of "Porto Rico." The name is pure Spanish, meaning "rich port." The Spanish word for "port" is "puerto," not "porto," and it is to be hoped newspapers, school teachers, and other educational forces will assist as much as possible in the adoption of the correct form.

Ready for Proposals.

Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal agent in Europe, says the Boers are ready at all times to listen to proposals of peace. The leaders know that, though the war may be protracted and bloody, England must triumph; and they are wise in throwing out this intimation. They wish to preserve the autonomy of the Transvaal, if possible.

The Beer Tax.

The brewers have already moved on Congress with an urgent request to remove the additional tax on beer imposed at the beginning of the Spanish war. They claim that it is a burden on the people. We take the view that they will have to find a much more cogent reason if they expect to get action. Beer is not a necessity of existence, and the tax on it and on tobacco should be the last to be removed.

England's Strength.

England can add to her forces in South Africa very materially, if she is compelled to do so. It is stated in London that, if required, she can put 1,168,170 men in the field, including 230,000 from Canada, and 150,000 from India. This, however, would represent her entire strength in the event of a struggle for national existence, of which there is no prospect at present.

Irish Feeling.

The Irish nationalists are holding public meetings to express their sympathy with the Boers and their hatred of Great Britain. We fail to see what they expect to accomplish for Irish nationality by this course. If they contemplate a rebellion while England has her hands full in South Africa, they are very unwise to make such demonstrations, for England will certainly not withdraw her 35,000 men garrisoned in Ireland in the face of this ebullition of pro-Boer feeling. And if they have no idea of rebellion, why make such a display of feeling? We doubt if an attempt at rebellion would meet with much support outside of the cities. Since the radical changes in the land laws, the repeal of oppressive laws, and the granting of local self-government, there has been a vast change for the better in the island, and we doubt if the nationalists intend anything except a display of the inherited hatred of the English by their demonstrations.

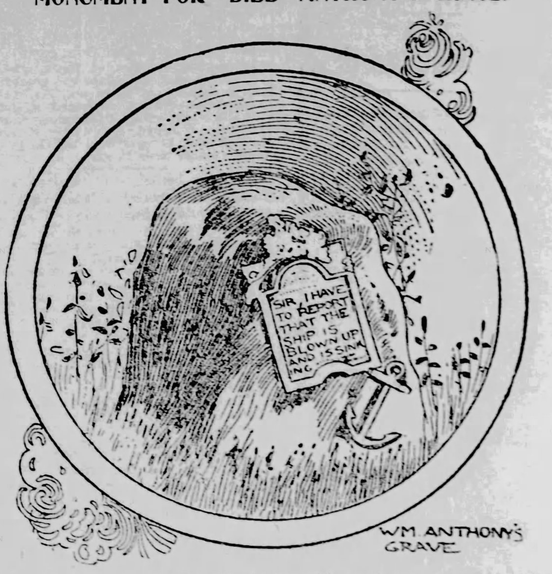
In the Philippines.

Senator Lodge, chairman of the new senate committee on the Philippines, gives as follows his ideas of the course his committee will probably pursue:

> "The paramount necessity of the present moment is the restoration of order in the islands, the ending of the war, and the extinction of the last embers of the insurrection, which has now degenerated into mere brigandage. This is all work for the army, and is an executive function. Until peace and order are absolutely restored, there ought not to be any congressional action. The only immediate duty for the committee that I can see now is to gather together and put into compact form all possible information in regard to the islands."

This view of the matter will be indorsed by the people of the United States. General Otis is doing his duty and complete pacification will speedily come. Then will come the time for congress to act, and not before.

MONUMENT FOR "BILL" ANTHONY'S GRAVE.



A New York man, whose identity is not made public, has contracted to pay for the erection of a monument over the grave of "Bill" Anthony, the hero of the Maine.

The monument will be four feet high and three feet wide. It will be of granite, with rough rock face work. There will be carved on it ten sprays of oak leaves and an anchor.

On a raised panel will be this inscription: "Sir, I have to report that the ship is blown up and is sinking," also the hero's name, date of birth and date of death. It will be finished in February.

COL. DUNCAN N. HOOD.

A Poughkeepsie dispatch to the New York Herald says: Proof that at least one American soldier is fighting in the Boer army comes in the story of Duncan N. Hood, a graduate of West Point, who has cast his fortunes with the South African Republic. Direct information of his presence in the field has been received here. Young Hood is a son of the famous General Hood, of the Confederate army. He attended Riverview Military Academy, where he was prepared for West Point. When the war between the United States and Spain broke out he promptly dropped studies and speculation and went at once to his native state, Louisiana. He was the first to suggest to President McKinley the idea of immune regiments for service in Cuba, and was called to Washington to discuss the idea. The result was that Mr. Hood was commissioned as colonel of one of the regiments. It happened that this regiment saw no active service in Cuba. Last July, after being mustered out, Colonel Hood returned to New York. Now he has been commissioned in the Boer army. It is believed that he already has had a share of the fighting. Colonel Hood is about thirty years old.

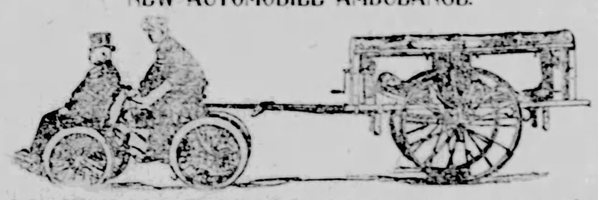
LATEST PICTURE OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA.

The accompanying drawing, made directly from a photograph, will certainly contradict all the gloomy stories regarding the mysteries which shroud the private life of Nicholas II, the present czar of Russia, and his wife, the czarina. The great precautions and safeguards around the body of his imperial highness have long been proverbial, but here is a remarkable photograph, taken by an amateur in the forest near Tsarskoe Selo, the czar's summer residence, where the royal couple take daily walks.

The czarina is very fond of photography, and on these rambles she is very seldom without a small hand camera. The illustration shows how considerate the czar is toward his better half by carrying the snapshot machine in his own hand.

Their simple attire and small bodyguard do certainly not carry out the idea of pomp and luxury characteristic of Europe's royalty.—New York Herald.

NEW AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE.



Automobilism is being utilized for public service in all directions. Paris has made experiments with a view to the quicker collection and delivery of the mails by the carriers through the employment of automobiles. To Alencon, L'Illustration notices, must be given the credit of first applying the motor carriage to city ambulance work in France. The town has introduced a system of really "prompt aid." A motor quadricycle is coupled to an ambulance carriage of the Lagogne pattern. Its purpose is to go to the succor of an injured person at some distance from the town. The driver fetches the doctor and places him comfortably on the front seat of the motorcycle. Arrived at their destination the doctor attends immediately to the urgent needs of the injured man. The patient is placed in the ambulance carriage and all return with speed to the hospital at Alencon—doctor, patient and driver.—New York Herald.

Burglar Proof.

Wagram—I see you have a girl at your house. You told me your wife always declared she wouldn't be bothered with one—that she'd a hundred times rather do her work herself.

Morris—So she would. But there have been several burglars in our neighborhood lately, so my wife decided upon having a servant. It is always such a relief, you know, to think that there is about all the time a policeman in the kitchen or hanging on the area railing—Boston Transcript.

The Farmer Scored.

A farmer drifted into a hardware store at Mulhall and was asked by the manager: "Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on? They're cheap now. Can give you one for $35."

"I'd sooner put the $35 into a cow," said the farmer.

"But think," said the manager, "how foolish you would look riding around town on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, "no more foolish, perhaps, than I would milking a bicycle."—Kansas City Journal.

$1,000 IN GOLD FREE

Each one of the above three lines of figures spe the name of a great city in the United States. The is a brand new puzzle and can be solved with a little study, as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the cities instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, etc., throughout the entire alphabet. **IF YOU CAN SPELL OUT THESE THREE CITIES YOU MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF $1,000 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY** for doing a little work for us. This you can do in less than one hour of your time. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best New York magazines into every home in the United States and Canada. **WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY.** When you have made out the names of these three cities, write them plainly on a postal card and send to us, and you will hear from us promptly **BY RETURN MAIL.** It may take an entire evening to solve the three names, but **STICK TO IT AND TRY TO GET YOUR SHARE OF THE $1,000.** A copy of this high-class **ONE DOLLAR MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE** to everyone answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send your answer immediately. Address **ROBINSON PUBLISHING CO.,** 24 North William Street, New York City.

Publishers' Column.

PRESIDENTIAL COOK BOOK.

Probably the best cook book ever published in this country bears the above title. It is the most popular, has had the largest sale, and is the most practical one for general family use. The price—thousands have sold for two and three dollars each—has placed it beyond the reach of the majority of housekeepers. An edition has been issued in cheap form, with paper covers, containing the same information as the original. It is printed with large type, on good paper, and answers every purpose for use of the ordinary housewife. We have secured a few hundred copies, which we offer to Blade subscribers, postpaid by mail for 45 cents, or we will send a copy free to any person remitting us one dollar for the Weekly Blade one year, and asking for a copy of the book as a premium.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that on expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are not thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

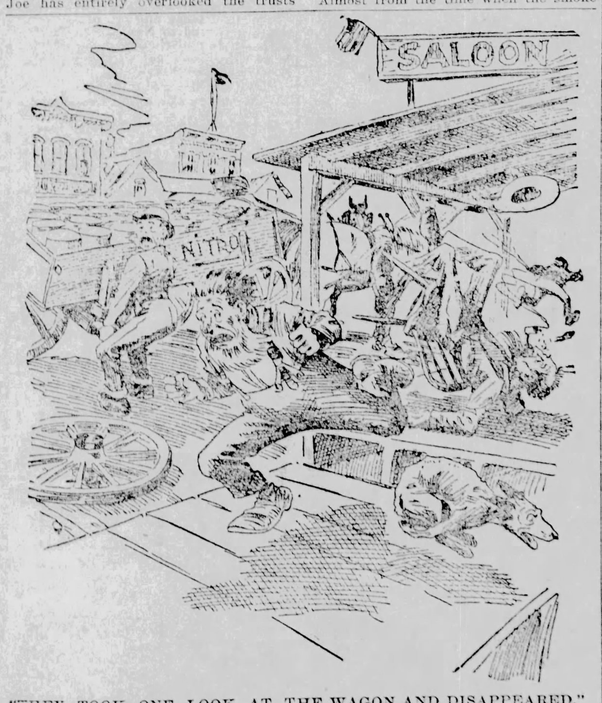
Address with remittance in current funds,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

HE HELD TORPEDO ON THE MAP

This is the story if how Joe Houston kept the town of Torpedo, Pa., on the map, says the Chicago Chronicle. Carping critics may say that was not hard to do, as Torpedo is not so large as Philadelphia nor so populous as New York, but Joe Houston saved it just the same, and this was the manner of his doing it:

In times when things go well Joe Houston drives the wagon which hauls the nitro-glycerine to the mines thereabout. In other times Joe sits in front of Kelly's saloon and curses the trusts. The last few weeks being good times, Joe has entirely overlooked the trusts



"THEY TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE WAGON AND DISAPPEARED."

and has been putting in ten hours a day on the hard seat of his wagon hauling explosives from Clarendon and other places to Torpedo and the mines near there. When Joe gets that wagon of his well loaded he has enough energy aboard it to remove mountains if it were properly placed and connected with a battery. Joe may not have ever and above much faith in some things, but he has an abiding faith in the ability of the stuff in his wagon to perform mighty public works in the way of excavations and the removal of obstructions.

Joe drove into Torpedo a few days ago from Clarendon with 3,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine behind him in the wagon. It was quite a heavy jag of stuff, and just before he reached town he noticed one of the wheels was complaining for want of grease. Houston stopped in front of Em Lewis' place to grease up the odd wheel, because Em has the only good wagon jack in town. But Joe was a few hours too late. A farmer with a load of dressed hogs had borrowed the jack early in the morning and had broken it. That didn't feaze Houston. He took the nut off the axle and slipped the wheel out until nearly all the dry axle was exposed and the weight of the wagon rested on a bit of the inside rim of the hub, and then he went to work with the grease.

He was about half through when he accidentally butted his shoulder against the wheel, it slipped clear of the axle and fell over on the ground. That was when the town of Torpedo was in danger. The wagon with its 3,000 pounds of nitro sagged over toward the ground, but Joe grabbed the axle in both hands and yelled for help. Four men were lounging in front of Lewis' place and when they heard Houston yell they took one look at the wagon and disappeared. One went through the shop and out the back door towards Pittsburg, two others fell into each other's arms, and tried to go up the road in opposite directions and the fourth rolled halfway down the hill and then ran the rest of the way. The grocer, who knew what sort of stuff Joe usually handled, shut the door of his store and locked it and then crawled into the sugar bin, and all this time Houston was hanging onto that axle and yelling for help. At last two women ran out to see what was the matter. They didn't know what was in the wagon and therefore they picked up the wheel at Joe's direction and helped him slip it back on the axle. And that is why Torpedo is still on the map.

WHEN PA PUT UP THE STOVEPIPE.

Then pa put up the stovepipe, then
Ty ma would say, "I'll come again
Bout nex' week Friday." Then she'd go,
n' I—I wished I could, you know.
Cwan't no use wishin'; I must stay
When I hear the things my pa would say
When that there stovepipe had no fit—
ut pa he had one, I'll admit.

irs' pa he'd take a joint of pipe
An' say, "Now hit that end a swipe."
n' when the soot his bald spot mussed,
Ty pa he mostly up an' cussed
Until he thought about his swears
An' says, "That, Alfred, was my prayers,
Fer I drink from devotion's cup
Whene'er I put a stovepipe up."

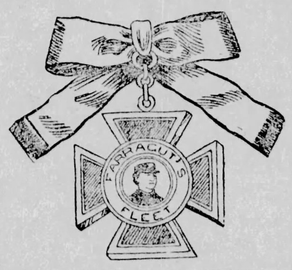
An' then he'd take a biggish joint
An' try to pound it to a point
To drive it in some little end.
An' when the pipe would seem to bend
An' sort o' swipe him on the jaw,
The things my pa said then, why, law!
I couldn't tell you if I tried,
But I jus' laughed until I cried.

An' when my pa said, "Son commere!"
But I—I didn't come real near,
Because just then he slipped an' fell
An' six joints tumbled, too, as well,
An' soot came, too, straight in their track
An' poured three gallons down his back
An' in his mouth an' served to calk
Him up so tight he couldn't talk.

An' that is all, except I get
A pail of water, middlin' hot,
An' washed him off an' washed him off,
An all that pa could do was cough
Until he said, "Now get a man
To fix this dang pipe ef he can!"
The man he fixed it pretty soon—
An' ma came home that afternoon.
—A. J. Waterhouse, San Francisco Examiner.

TO UNITE MEN OF FARRAGUT'S FLEET

On the morning of July 12, 1864, David G. Farragut, then a rear admiral in the United States navy, issued a general order which governed his fleet in the operations of a bloody day. Lieutenant George Dewey was on duty as a match officer on one of the ships. Schley also saw bloody duty that day. May 1, 1898,



the greatest of the graduates of the school of fighters who served under the great admiral lasted another order. Dewey, then a commodore, veered up his flagship so she came broadside on to the Spaniards and then with a placid smile said: "Fire when you are ready," Gridley." Gridley fired.

It lacked nine days of being thirty-five years after the issuance of Farragut's famous order that Commodore Schley sent out another just as famous. On July 3, 1899, he told the ships of his squadron to close in on the enemy and engage. Then he sent his flagship into the hell of shot and smoke and stayed there until the Spanish admiral's squadron was not only whipped, but ruined beyond all redemption. The pupils of the first admiral of the navy learned their lesson well.

Almost from the time when the smoke

Trick of the Sleight-of-Hand Man.

The Annee Psychologique has an interesting article by M. Binet, the well known French psychologist, on mental suggestion and prestidigitation, in which he shows that sleight-of-hand and clever tricks do not make a prestidigiteur, without a power of "suggestion" on the spectator. A skilled performer has a marvellous power of acting on the secret springs of the will. Thus, he can generally make a person choose a figure below ten by the way he asks for it. If he wishes the person to choose five, he runs rapidly over the first figures and dwells a little on "five" to suggest it to the memory. It is also curious that of such figures, "seven" is the most likely to be chosen and "one" the least likely.—London Globe.

LIEUT. REEVES SAW AGUINALDO.

He and a Sergeant Got Too Close to the Dapper Little Rebel.

Lieutenant Ira L. Reeves, formerly of Fort Levenworth, now in the Philippines, says the Leavenworth Times, writes of how, on a reconnoitering expedition, he was within a few yards of Aguinaldo, and his body guard. The letter follows:

It was during the early part of the month of June that my company was doing outpost duty on the north line at San Fernando. We had been on the south line, but on the morning on which this incident took place, were directed to relieve a company of another battalion of the same regiment on the north line.

After getting my men properly stationed along the line, guarding a front of 1,700 or 1,800 yards, I took an old, reliable sergeant with me and proceeded to reconnoiter the territory to the front. After wading and splashing along toward the Filipino lines for about 1,400

LIEUT. IRA L. REEVES.

yards, we suddenly and very unexpectedly came upon a well traveled road, fringed with bamboo on either side. Beyond were the trenches of our enemies, swarming with dusky soldiers preparing their morning meal.

Believing ourselves not to have been observed, we withdrew a short distance from the bamboo fringe into a banana grove, to make observations of the position of the trenches and location of the outposts of the rebels. I was busy making copious notes and my maps, while the sergeant, with my field glasses, was making most wonderful discoveries of masked batteries and gas pipe cannon, when, all of a sudden, a cavalcade of insurgent officers, closely followed by a large body of foot soldiers, appeared down the road.

It was but a moment till the little steeds and their haughty riders were directly in front of us, not fifty paces away, and, to our intense discomfort, halted. There they stood, with the first ray of the rising sun resting full upon them, seventeen horsemen, officers, and just back of them about 500 infantrymen, all within a stone's throw of us. What made our position all the more precarious, the infantry was scrambling at a "rest," and were, as all soldiers do when first halted, looking in every direction in search of something. We could plainly see them, so naturally, if they would but look in the right direction, they could see us.

Sixteen of these officers were dressed in light blue uniforms of some thin cloth, wide brimmed sombreros, russet leather leggings and clanking sabres dangling by their left sides, almost trailing the ground, while the trappings of their horses were enough to make the eyes of a militia general snap with envy. The other officer, who rode at the head, and the recipient of the most obsequious attentions, a man about middle aged, with closely cropped hair, small, restless eyes and somewhat lighter complexioned than the average inhabitant of those far away tropical islands, wore a neat fitting uniform of khaki cloth over his diminutive body and a helmet of the same color upon his well shaped head. His mount was a beautiful dapple-gray Filipino stallion, some larger than the average-size native animal and much more gorgeously caparisoned than the chargers of the other officers. This pompously equipped commander wore at his left side a most handsome saber and on his right he carried a revolver and a field glass case.

The foot soldiers were of the famous Corpse de Elite, Aguinaldo's body guard. We knew them by their bright red uniforms. Just as we were craning our necks and straining our eyes to their utmost capacity, we were suddenly brought to a realization of our terrible danger by the officer in khaki dismounting and advancing to the edge of the bamboo just in front. Lake a flash the others followed him and stood at attention just in his rear. There stood the flower of the Filipino army, facing two almost helpless servants of Uncle Sam.

We slowly raised our mud-besmeared faces. The infantry, still looking and chattering in the twangy language of their tribe, were holding their ground. We heard the officer in command say something about "aqua" in Spanish, then a few words of command followed. They instantly came to the "attention," moved forward till the center of the column was opposite us, wheeled to the right by fours and stacked their arms. "Aqua," that meant water. We knew they would soon break ranks and go some place, we knew not where, to replenish their water bottles. We remembered that just a few yards to the rear of us, and in direct line from our enemies, was a rippling stream of crystal water. We were about to rise and make a wild dash for life, when a sharp blast of a trumpet was sounded to our front. All stopped in their tracks. Another trumpet call—a rush to arms. The officers came tearing back and remounted. We waited for the volley that was to send our souls into eternity. That we had been discovered, there was no doubt.

Boom! A loud report from our rear. It was a cannon shot. An instant later a shrieking shell passed over our heads and tore its way through a stone sugar house 100 yards ahead.

The officers madly spurred their diminutive mounts in a wild effort to secure speed. Off they rode at a breakneck rate over rice paddies and small ditches in the direction of the bamboo thickets beyond the open. But the infantrymen remained steadfast! They kept their close formation, facing us. I ventured to raise my head a trifle higher when I noticed my sergeant putting his face through a series of grimaces that would tend to make it as muscular as his brawny arms. His struggle was in vain; he could not help it—he sneezed, not once, but twice, and once again.

Five hundred ears pricked up and as many pairs of eyes were thrown up us. I yelled to the sergeant to follow and started a disorderly retreat toward our lines.

Boom! Was it a volley? No, another shot from the cannon. The shell struck between our enemies and ourselves and exploded. The sky was filled with everything. We looked back over our shoulders, but could not see the red uniforms for flying debris.

An instant later we heard a crying, screaming, terror stricken mass of humanity breaking through the bamboo on the farther side of the road. We halted. There they went, over dikes and ditches. All organization had fled with the winds in their wild effort to escape the next shot from our artillery.

Now we were safe and sauntered lazily back to the company.

When we reached our lines we found that a recruit battery of light artillery had come out from the city that morning for target practice. An experienced non-commissioned officer fired the first shot, which hit the sugar warehouse, the target. A recruit gunner fired the second, which, falling short, saved our lives. They knew nothing of the presence of the Filipinos or of my little reconnoitering party.

The next day our native spies reported that Aguinaldo and his body guard had come down from Angeles early the morning before, but had immediately returned.

The dapper little officer in khaki was Aguinaldo, and this is the story of how I saw him.

THE GRATITUDE OF YOUNG GRIDLEY.

Young John Gridley, for whom McKinley and Dewey have made it possible to take the marine corps examinations, showed some of the effects of the excitement under which he has been living recently, when seen at his school by a reporter of the New York Journal. He is a manly looking fellow, black-haired, of clear complexion, and has straightforward, honest brown eyes. His height is not the above the average, and in his build he is somewhat slender.

"You want to know something about who I am and what I did before Admiral Dewey took me to see the President?" said the young man in answer to the reporter's question.

"I have always wanted to be a sailor. I never cared for anything else except a military life. It was my father's desire that I should follow his profession. At first I went to school at home at Erie, Pa., Afterwards father sent me to the St. John's Military school at Manlius, N. Y. I was there two years and was a lieutenant in the cadet corps.

"I was at the preparatory school for the Naval academy at Annapolis when the war broke out. I was appointed to the service about the middle of July as a post naval cadet and served aboard the United States ships St. Paul, Yankee and Michigan until December 5, 1898. As I was never under fire. We only did scout duty along the Cuban and Porto Rican coasts.

"When the war was over and father died I went back home. I thought then that the best thing to do was to study and fit myself for business. I studied by myself last winter. But mother and the family were anxious for me to get in the service. I knew that if I passed the examination and obtained a commission

JOHN GRIDLEY.

in the marine corps I could be assistance to the family—of much more assistance than if I had gone into business. We were all willing to make the financial sacrifice for my work of preparation, and I came on to Washington to study for the examinations.

"That was in October. After all those things came out in the papers about mother's pension, and after they said that the family was in actual want, I made up my mind not to accept another cent from home for my expenses here.

"And then Admiral Dewey and Mrs. Dewey took an interest in me on account of the admiral's having known my father. The President had promised before that I should have an opportunity to take the marine corps examinations. The admiral told me to meet him at the White House on Wednesday. We saw the President, and you read about what the President and the admiral are doing for me in the papers.'

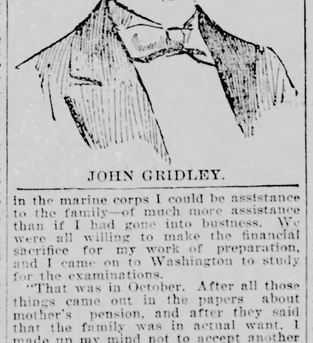
Up to this point the young man had only vouchsafed information in answer to questions. "I wish, if you are going to say anything about it in the papers," he added earnestly, "that you would lay a great deal of stress on what the admiral and President McKinley have done for me. You see, I hardly know what to say about it. About the only thing I can do is to try my best to pass the examinations in a creditable way. You see, it certainly does show a great appreciation of father's services to the country, doesn't it?

"And then to think of two great big men like President McKinley and Admiral Dewey going down into their pockets to back a fellow like me!" Young Gridley paused for words to express his feelings, and then added: "It's the squarest and kindest thing I ever heard of."

And perhaps neither President McKinley nor Admiral Dewey ever had a more sincere compliment paid to him.

MISS ROSE MURRAY HOLDS WORLD'S RECORD.

Toledo undoubtedly has the champion woman bowler of the world in the person of Miss Rose Murray. Nearly a week ago The Blade published the fact that she had made a score of 286, and this attracted the attention of Ice Risk, representing the Brunswick Balke Collender Co., who wrote to the company giving the details of the score, and yesterday received a fine case for holding a bowling ball. A handsome plate on the front of



ROSE MURRAY.

he case is inscribed as follows: "Miss Rose Murray. Compliments of the All-Star Bowling Team." Accompanying it was a letter requesting Mr. Risk to present the case to Miss Murray. The writer says: "If the score of 286 was bowled on regulation alley and with a ball not over 27 inches in circumference, I believe is the best individual score made by a lly. The highest precious score of hich we have any record was 222, made by Mrs. Hall, of Chicago."

Hood's Pills

Do not gripe nor irritate the alimentary canal. They act gently yet promptly, cleanse effectually and

Give Comfort

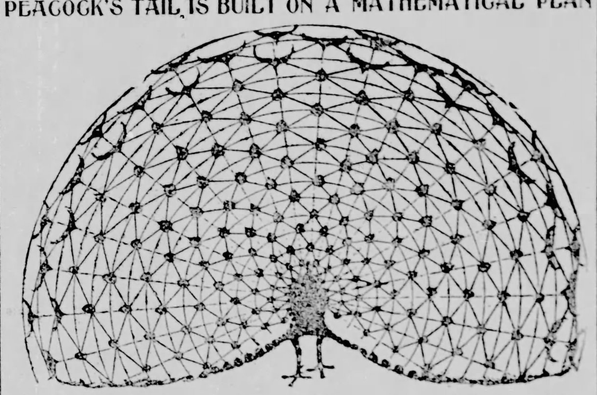
Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

NEW PORTRAIT OF THE KAISER.

Mr. William Nicholson has arrived at that point where a portrait by him of the personality of the hour in England is as indispensable to the illustrated journals as the "latest photograph." Henry Irving and Cecil Rhodes, Lord Roberts, Rudyard Kipling and other celebrities have been portrayed by this artist just when portraits of them have happened to be particularly in demand. There is nothing commercial, however, about Mr. Nicholson's timely drawings. In fact, they are among the most purely artistic productions we have.

He is arbitrary to a degree. He does not adapt his method to his subject. He adapts his subject to his method, not even sparing the Queen, who is treated in his sketch of her with realism as ruthless as that which the artist applied to Cecil Rhodes. His practice is to lay out a background of dark tawny yellow, and against this to project his figure almost in silhouette, treating the form and the face with a few bold strokes. It is original and striking. Also, it is, on the whole, remarkably eloquent. Witness the latest of his portraits, that of the Emperor William, reproduced above from the London periodical, Black and White. The style is summary and swift; it reduces the problem to the very simplest terms. But it shows the man.—New York Tribune.

PEACOCK'S TAIL IS BUILT ON A MATHEMATICAL PLAN



Much as you may have marvelled at the beauty of a peacock's tail, did you ever notice that it forms such a perfect geometrical figure as appears in this picture? Yet this is no fancy picture; it is the reproduction of the exact figure of a peacock's tail or train when fully developed. For beauty not even the brilliant humming bird or bird of paradise can compare in plumage with the colors and arrangement of shades in the tail of a peacock.

The next time you look at one of these beautiful birds notice that the real tail is underneath the brilliant train and supports it when spread. This train consists of 250 feathers planted in a diamond form on the back of the bird. The regular lengthening and spreading of this train of feathers forms these remarkable mathematical figures.

Every peacock in full plumage has just this kind of beautiful train to which there is nothing comparable in all the world of zoology.—N. Y. World.

A Slur Upon Matrimony.

No, she could not think of becoming his wife.

"But I entreat you not to go to the dogs!" she exclaimed.

"I shall not, since you ask it!" he sobbed, and he was true to his word. He did not go to the dogs.

It was perhaps better, after all, that a man with so little real insight into the feminine nature should never marry.—Detroit Journal.

A SCIENTIFIC REPORT ON COFFEE

Shows It Can by Used by Some, and is a Poison to Others.

A gentleman connected with the Newberry Library, Chicago, has gone very carefully through the medical department, consulting and compiling from the best works of this country and abroad, on the value of coffee.

There is abundance of evidence to show that in some cases coffee, used as a stimulant is of advantage, while with many human systems it is a decided poison which will build up chronic conditions of disease if made use of steadily.

The investigator writes: "We have used for years your Postum Food Coffee and found nothing to fill its place." Among his quotations appears the following:—

"One of the highest authorities in Mater Medica and Therapeutics in England says: Caffeine, which is the stimulating part of coffee, is, in general terms, a stimulant first, and subsequently a paralyzant to the nerve centers in the cerebellum, medulla and spinal cord.

"In small doses it quickens the activity of the heart and raises arterial tension. Larger doses often over-stimulate the cerebral circulation, causing great heaviness of the head, flashes of light before the eyes, insomnia, restlessness, and even delirium. Administered in sufficient quantity, it would doubtless prove fatal to man.

"To thousands of people, coffee, of which caffeine is its chemical structure, is therefore a poison. Languor, restlessness and prostration follow as a result in the system when the habit of its continuance is acquired. This is followed by muscular tremor and sometimes dizziness, with nervous dyspepsia and insomnia; in fact, a train of depressing ails frequently not traceable to the beverage which never inebriates, but is in reality the source."

The gentleman concludes his long and very interesting paper on the subject with the statement. "Companies similar to that of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, are to be multiplied and stand as benefactors of the race. What ever our personal preferences, let us not close these changes in dietary to peculiar views and theories, but rather as generally recognized and accepted truths, a valuable acquisition of progress and investigation, scientific and philanthropic."

The rapid pace lived by American brain-workers has forced them to seek food and drink that quickly and surely rebuild the exhausted energies, and such people as a rule feel the disastrous effects of a continued use of coffee. It is to furnish this class of people with correct food and drink, selected and manufactured in the most scientific manner, that Postum Cereal Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts have been placed on the market. All first-class grocers furnish these.

SHOCKED BY A PRETTY MODEL.

A certain studio over in the Fine Arts building, says the Chicago Tribune, was the scene of a little comedy the other day that might have furnished the motif for a Lederer Franch farce. It is a charmingly artistic affair, with just enough Bohemianism about it to make one catch one's breath and wonder what's coming next!

The elderly woman with the gray feather boa and steady smile opened the door without knocking, and walked resolutely in, with a goodly bunch of charity bazaar tickets in one hand and a flood of persuasive eloquence at her tongue's end. And then she caught sight of the startling tableau, and stopped short.

The lord and master of the studio was perched easily on a Turkish inlaid table, a cigarette in one hand and the other pressing a coaxy blonde hair on an extremely pretty head that was upturned lovingly to him.

The elderly woman did not gasp, but she set her teeth hard and forgot the charity bazar over this moral problem. She had heard of those awful studios, but this was too much. So, she said firmly in response to a polite query from the artist, she did not desire anything. She would not disturb him for worlds, and she went out with a lingering, pitying

look over her shoulder at the girl with the blonde hair.

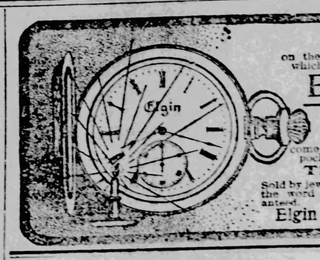
A few minutes later when the girl came out of the studio, looking quite small and dainty in gray broadcloth and sable, she was accosted by the elderly woman, gently but firmly, and told many things, to the effect that she did not know the folly of her ways, that the pomps and vanities of this wicked world were a snare and giffod to the unwary, and that the lot of a model was neither a ladylike nor a righteous path to pursue.

And the girl only blushed and laughed and looked down at her ungloved left hand as she said sweetly:

"I'm awfully sorry we shocked you so. We—we've only been married a month you know."

And she was so anxious to help the old woman recover herself that she bought five tickets.

—"Take time by the forelock." If you blood is out of order, begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and prevent serious illness.



A Little Light on the watch subject is found in our new booklet, which all are invited to send for—free of cost.

Elgin Ruby Jeweled Watches

come in various sizes, grades and prices, to suit every pocket. Recognized universally as

The World's Standard.

Sold by jewelers everywhere. An Elgin watch always has the word "Elgin" engraved on the works—fully guaranteed.

Elgin National Watch Co., Elgin, Ill.

BLADE IMPORTED ENGLISH CHINA

Tea Sets and Dinner Sets.

The Best Goods That Money Can Buy.

During the past few years The Blade has furnished its subscribers nearly 20,000 sets of American made china at an enormous saving of cost to the purchaser. With the return of prosperity there is a demand for better goods, from our class of readers who realize that the best is the cheapest, even though the first cost may be a trifle more. We have therefore arranged for a special importation of the following described six assortments, selecting for this purpose not cheap "scheme" goods which we can buy for almost half the price, but the very best ware obtainable, and the very latest patterns and designs. This class of goods cannot be found in interior towns, and if our readers had the advantage of the Chicago or New York market, they would have to pay fully fifty per cent more than our prices. Remember our prices include a copy of the Weekly Blade one year, so the purchaser, even after paying freight, is in possession of the handsomest set that ever graced a table, and at one-third less than ordinary retail price. It will be noticed that we ask more than our old list price for American goods, but relatively these are cheap as the goods are worth more than double those we formerly sold—English ware is lighter, stronger, better color, will not crackle, next in value to French China, and more serviceable. The decorations are under the glaze, and will never wear off. We offer both plain white and decorated. We especially recommend the white, as there is nothing so handsome as plain white china on the table of either rich or poor. To those who like decorations our selection of blue illuminated with gold will please the most fastidious. It is very rich and in the latest style. Our illustration in this advertisement will show the plain white goods one week, and the decorated each alternate week.

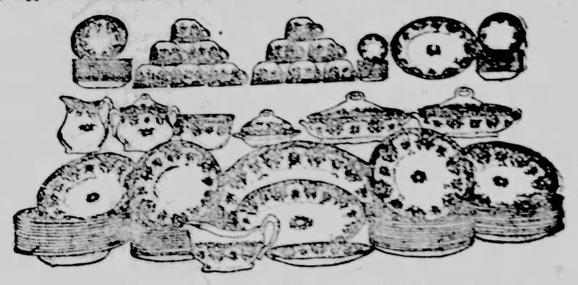


Illustration of the Decorated Tea Set.

No. 1—TEA SET, 86 PIECES—12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 cake plates, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher, 1 water pitcher, 1 pickle dish and 1 bowl.

Price, including Weekly Blade one year, white porcelain, $3.00; blue and gilt, $6.00.

No. 2—TEA SET, 86 PIECES—Assorted same as No. 1, deducting 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter plates.

Price, including Weekly Blade one year; white porcelain, $4.00; blue and gilt, $4.90.

No. 3—DINNER SET, 112 PIECES—12 6-inch plates, 12 7-inch plates, 12 8-inch plates, 12 soup plates, 12 fruit plates, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 dishes, 1 baker, 1 boat, 1 pickle, 2 dishes and 2 covers, 1 butter dish, 1 cover and 1 drainer, 1 sugar bowl and cover, 1 cream pitcher, 1 bowl, 12 tea cups and 12 saucers.

Price, including Weekly Blade one year; white porcelain, $9.10; blue and gilt, $11.60.

General Directions and Information.

Order by number, and specify white or decorated, as the case may be. The goods are carefully packed in a strong barrel, and shipped directly from the importer to the purchaser upon our order. We shall order every package shipped by freight unless otherwise instructed. The receiver pays transportation. From 25 cents to $1, according to distance, will cover freight east of the Missouri river, while it may cost somewhere near $2 to pay freight to points beyond the Rockies. We do not advise shipping by express. Always remit by postal money order. If you must send currency, have your letter registered. Address,

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio

TRAGIC STORY OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Every vessel that sails into port from Manila these days brings many stories with it, says the San Francisco Chronicle, but the most pathetic of all came to the surface when a slim 7-year-old girl stepped ashore from the Ohio last Sunday. There is something sad about that little woman, with her great, melancholy eyes, her keen wit and mature speech, born of a vast experience and unchildish associations. Jeannetta Corin Morris, who will not be 8 years old until the 25th of next February, has journeyed with troops across two oceans to Manila on a big government transport, has seen the ship's company dropping away under the cruel hand of disease which robbed her of her only playfellow, has tossed about in

JEANNETTA MORRIS.

storms and been cradled on tropical waters, has witnessed the siege of a city and the burning of villages, and has lain at night in a tent around which bullets hissed and a shell sometimes exploded, has heard of the death in the hospital of a disease almost always fatal in the Philippines, has seen her fair young mother sicken and die, and is now returning, lonely little voyager, to find shelter with her kindred on the far side of the continent. She told her story to sympathizing friends the other day, and there are not many who could hold up under the light of indignation in the child's eyes as she described the circumstances attending upon her mother's death. Her account is reproduced literally, if in fragmentary fashion:

"My father is first sergeant of Company G, Third infantry, she said. "My mother and father and I left New York on the Sherman with the troops about the 3d of last February. We couldn't get any stateroom, so we had to sleep in a tent on the mess deck, and quite a lot of people died. At first we anchored off Sandy Hook, and then off Staten Island, and sailed into a storm and rolled and tumbled all over, and balanced on one end and then on the other. They reported us lost that time, you know. There were ten of us women, and all were seasick but me, and there was a little girl, Mabel Clark, daughter of a non-commissioned staff officer. She died on the way over. Manila was the hottest place. We had to live in a tent, with only pork and beans and hard tack to eat three times a day, except when once in a while we had rice and bacon. At night the bullets sang around the tent, and once a shell fell near us. I was sick, and the doctor didn't think I could ever get well, but Col. Page, of our regiment, was real good, and he let my papa come in from the battalion to see me. When I got well my mamma was taken sick. That was last May. They took her to the government hospital, and she was sick from May to July—July 9. And then she was buried there. Miss Henshaw, and she turned my mother out in a pouring rain, and she was so sick she couldn't stand up, and half a day she had to lie there in the ambulance, the water all up around the wheels and oaking through the top. The pillows my papa and other soldiers put around her wouldn't keep the rain off, and from her to the Spanish hospital, and there she died the very next day, July 10, at 1 o'clock. That was Saturday. I stayed with her all the morning, and the very last thing she said, very soft and low, was 'My Jeanette!' just like that. I put my hand up and smoothed back her hair. It was soft and dark and curly, and then she closed her eyes and never opened them again. My father went out on the porch and cried, and I cried, too. And if it hadn't been for what that government nurse did I'd have my mother right here to-day.

"After that papa didn't know what to do with me. I stayed with Mrs. Clark for a while, but I was unhappy. So when the Ohio went home he put me on it, and the nurses coming back, Miss Sarah and Miss Agnes Shaw and Miss Starr—they took care of me.

"The little girl found friends awaiting her here. The Red Cross ladies had heard of her, and Mrs. Arthur Cornwall at once took her in her heart and home, and would gladly have kept her always had it not been that her grandparents in Schenectady, N. Y., were eagerly awaiting her coming.

In the ears of those who met this forlorn little victim of the Philippine campaign there will long echo her quaint, lonely, motherless, invariable refrain: "I'm forgetting all my manners since my mother died. She was constantly reminding me. My mamma'd say, 'It seems to me you're not dressed up proper, my little daughter.' And, oh, to think I'd have my mamma with me now if they hadn't put her out in the rain that day."

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel Plate Watch, size 4 inches and Chain for selling 20 packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, postpaid, and when sold send us the money, $2.00, and we will send the watch and chain. Address

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CANCER

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RATIONAL SPECIAL

LADIES!

FREE TO LADIES

A LONESOME LITTLE GIRL.

My mother is the prettiest thing—
She still looks but a girl, folks say,
I wish she was a girl, for then
Together we could play!

I'm six years old—or will be soon—
And I'm all the child she's got;
And sometimes when it's lonely, why,
I wish there was a lot!

For mother has to work so hard,
A-dancing nights or pouring tea
Each afternoon, she has no time
To play and romp with me!

I wish some nights she'd stay at home,
And, when it's time to go to bed,
She'd hear my prayers instead of nurse,
Then when it's dark I'd have no dread,

If she'd let me hold her hand—
Her pretty hand with all its rings;
And I can go right off to sleep
If mother only sings!

But mother has no time, she says,
To humor little girls, 'cos she
Gets tired out with balls and things
That keep her up till three.

I hark each night for mother's step,
And then I call out, loud and clear,
"Hope you'll have a lovely time."
And, "Good night, mother, dear!"

But when she's gone, and down below
I hear the carriage door slam to,
I feel so—so's I want to cry,
And sometimes I'm quite blue.

—Harper's Bazaar.

THE HOUSEHOLD

EDITED BY EMILY S. BOUTON

TRUE LOVE SHALL TRUST, AND SELFISH LOVE MUST DIE,
FOR TRUST IS PEACE, AND SELF IS FULL OF PAIN.

THE YOUNGFOLKS

MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Ring out, blithe bells of the New Year!
Ring out to all your summons clear!
Message of hope, despair to quell,
Is borne upon your silvery swell.

Ring, bells of cheer, across the snow
Till with courage faint hearts glow!
Hath friend seemed faithless, love grown cold?
Hath lost that wand of magic, gold?

Saddest of all, hath death snatched one
Whose presence was to thee life's sun?
Yet look not back. The darkest cloud
But serves an azure sky to shroud.

Thy friend his fealty yet may prove,
Love that could change was never love,
And folly 'twere lost wealth to mourn,
While fickle fortune's wheel doth turn.

Grim death, though conqueror of clay,
Bows to a mightier conqueror's sway,
Thy loved one hath but crossed time's sea
To its fairer shores—eternity.

—Mary F. Safford.

WHAT OF CHRISTMAS-GIVING?

EMILY S. BOUTON.

An old chant runs this way:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas-day."

I chanced upon these words just after a conversation with a friend who remarked that the Christmas time was to him always a nightmare, a something of which he lived in dread. To my question as to his reason for being thus "dismayed," his reply was that he could not, in justice to the demands of the rest of the year, do what was in his heart to do at that season.

The evening of the same day another friend rejoiced in my presence that she and her husband had released themselves from the thralldom of Christmas-giving. The sunny days of the past week had brought no additional cares to them, no compelled pushing through the crowds, no anxious puzzling over the list of recipients lest some one should be forgotten.

The position taken, of "freedom," was a unique one, and, coming, as it did, upon the heels of the first distressful plaint, it gave me a subject for reflection. I knew that the abstaining from giving, was, in no sense, due to parsimony, for they have the most generous of hearts and are always helping the unfortunate. It was not lack of affection for their friends, for that is constantly shown, often in ways involving more thought and far greater self-sacrifice. Nor was it necessity, for they have enough and to spare, and they are not sparing. It came, then, to the question of which is the right way, the wise way—to give, or not to give.

There are two ways of looking at the matter, and discussion upon them is nothing new. That discussion, however, generally comes after the holidays, when the reckoning days arrive, and then later the moral of the thing is laid away and forgotten. When the Christmas bells begin to sound in the distance, the same old story is repeated.

The beautiful aspect of the Christmas-giving is the expression of the joyous good-will whiit is symbolizes. Every gift means, or it should mean, that the giver sends it in token of love or friendship, and it carries with it warm wishes for future joy and prosperity. If a friend is in trouble, the gift should testify sympathy and a desire to help the receiver to better and happier conditions. For think what Christmas signifies—the re-affirming to the world of the old, old truth of the unity of life which makes brotherhood a fact; of the love universal which is the key note to the spiritual at-one-ment of humanity with the Divine. Christmas, in its deeper sense, betokens the awakening of the Christ principle in each and every one of us, lifting us out of the selfish deeps into which we have fallen, to the higher ground of wise consideration for the well-being of others.

Our lives, they are well worth the living,
When we lose our small selves in the whole,
And feel the strong serges of being
Throb through us, one heart and one soul.

The other side, the one which is most in evidence, is that to which I referred in the beginning. The going about from store to store, from counter to counter, pushing through crowds, or being pushed; the feverish anxiety in making calculations; the desperate decisions regardless of the future; the exhaustion of days of shopping, and the rush to the last moment—all these, as well as the sorrowful reckoning up when it is all over, are the familiar pegs upon which many a homily has been hung, but which seem to bring no wisdom.

Not that everybody belongs to either the one or the other of these classes. Besides those who make a pleasure of the Christmas-giving, and those who make it a pain, there are they who take it as something which must be gone through with, just as they have gone through the measles and whooping cough. This third class is mostly made up of masculines, although there are women who give because others do.

I believe the whole trouble which has nearly turned the beauty of the Christmas time into something to be dreaded comes from the lack of "backbone" which makes people unable to brace up against custom or what they think is expected. They give because they have given; they spend because they have spent. A dollar this year may represent greater self-denial than ten did last year, and yet there are regret and anxiety because the richer gift must or ought to be foregone.

We need to learn how to say no to ourselves in these things. This ability does not necessarily imply that we are less generous, or love our friends less. The contrary may be true. Love is not measured by the giving of material things, but only by the offering of self in real service, and that is without price. And when we hold ourselves with steady grip we shall feel this, and be able to resist the tempter even though he come in the guise of generosity and a desire to give pleasure.

While I do not question the motive or the wisdom of the friends who have gained "their freedom," knowing what their lives are in unselfish service, I yet believe in Christmas giving, but within a limit which will bring to no one "a nightmare." The smallest token, a letter even full of good cheer, may carry to the true heart the message of gladness that will make the day brighter and better worth the living. The real thing and that which, perhaps, we may sometime grow to, is a recognition of the spiritual meaning of the day to the whole of humanity. It was Phillips Brooks, who, looking back to the event which the Christian church commemorates, wrote:

O, little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

The giving of oneself for others! This is what it all symbolizes when viewed aright. When thus looked at how small and unimportant seems the question of how much or how little, but only what is the soul's message that is carried with the gift.

And when there is no gift possible, still there need be no sorrow, no dismay, for the loving, tender thought may be sent speeding upon its way, carrying its Merry-Christmas blessing to the one for whom it is intended, and perhaps—who can tell?—touching some other heart with joy in its passing.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

With modest eyes, low-voiced, calm-lipped,
A pleasant maid from overseas,
About the room she softly tripped,
And soothed her mistress' slothful ease.

Her heedful hand the harsh behest
Obeyed, by answering heats unswerved;
Alone her mantling cheek confessed
A silent shame for her she served.

And you might (if you thought of this)
See, with the clearer eye observing,
The peasant stretched in silken bliss,
The gentle lady mutely serving.

—F. W. in Good Housekeeping.

The Cozy Corner

Henrieta, a well known correspondent of the Household, sends this bit of sad experience, not to sadden our hearts, but to make them more thoughtful and tender, more thankful every day for the blessings we enjoy:

Dear Friends of the Cozy Corner:—How few of us are satisfied with our lives. We think we have heavy burdens to carry, and many of us grow cross and fretful. I send you this bit of real sorrow, hoping that it will teach you the lesson it has me:

He came to me so eagerly
For help or love each day,
And, deep in my work and worry,
I would push my child away.

"Don't bother me now, ran away;"
Sometimes my tone was cross.
O! If I had only known
Of the agony and loss.

That was coming, surely coming,
As the days were going by—
I would have stopped and listened,
To my darling's faintest sigh.

I can see the rosy dimpled face,
The soft brown eyes a-shine;
As if an angel's pure white soul,
Was gazing into mine.

A thunder storm had risen—
I saw the lightning play;
Then came that awful, awful bolt
That took our child away.

O! Could I call my darling back,
My tone would not be cross;
My heart would melt with happiness
That now is numb with loss.

This sad loss came to a neighbor of ours. I went to give help and comfort, but found that loving hands had already done all that could be done. And what a poor comforter I was! All I could do was to weep with them and tell them that he was with the angels. The mother said: "He would come to me so often and I would push him away. I was so worried and busy with my work."

When we come face to face with real sorrow how small our petty troubles seem. The same day a gentle little neighbor told of four poor little children left orphans, a few miles from her home. I knew the folks; the father died last winter, and a short time ago the mother was taken. She said it was so pitiful to hear them calling, "Mamma, mamma!"

And no mother's tender kiss would press
Those tear-wet cheeks again.
Nor loving hand would guide them
Through a wilderness of pain.

It makes me angry to see a child misused, or to see older ones set a bad example before them, and then punish them for being naughty. They take their elders for a pattern. If you will take the trouble to notice your children, you will see your own frown or smile reflected in their little faces.

Ah, mothers and fathers, if you only realized the responsibility that rests on your shoulders! I wish I could speak the words in a voice as loud as the thunder, and make you hear them.

And you who are yet to marry, and raise up children; do you know, do you realize, every secret sin, every shortcoming, may be stamped indelibly upon your child's character?

How often do we see the son's of drunkards following in their father's footsteps? How often do we see tattling, slovenly women raising their daughters in the same way? And of all disgusting things is it not the worst to hear parents telling a low or immoral story in the presence of their own, or any one else's, children?

If I only had the brains and education of Daniel Webster, and the strength and religious fervor of St. Paul, I might do something to help poor, stupid humanity. But I am so weak and ignorant myself, what can my blundering hand do to assist others?

Economy writes: I have an all wool garnet cashmere dress that I want to make over, and it is badly soiled. How can I clean it and not destroy the body or dressing that is in new goods?

I have washed and pressed cashmere, and had it look well, but it was flimsy and easily rumpled, and seemed to have no body to its texture. If any one can give me directions for renovating it, I shall be very grateful, and will return the favor if opportunity ever offers.

Dear Editor:—Please allow me space in the Cozy Corner to congratulate its members, and the M. G. R.'s, on their good letters. When I read them I wish there was as many more; then I think it is not right to be always taking and never giving.

If wives would take Emmeline's advice in last week's Blade there would be more happy women. I like the Fancy Work column, and can hardly keep from intruding on the M. G. R.'s, for I like nice young people and enjoy their company, but my age might debar me.

I have long been thinking I would write to the Blade. My first husband took it, and my second takes it. Some time when I get my wits whetted up I will write something interesting. I am like an old machine when it is first oiled up, I never know when to stop.

Please, letter writers, sign your own names to your letters. By so doing you might sometimes find a long lost friend. There is nothing in a name, if it doesn't sound as good as Mary I. Allgood.

The editor closes her year's work in this department with the earnest hope that the New Year may bring much of joy and little of sorrow to her friends of the Cozy Corner.

THE COOK.

The Cook, in "clearing up" this morning, ran across several excellent recipes that have been sent to her from time to time, and "pigeon-holed" for future use.

As most of them are seasonable now, she uses them, with many thanks to the senders, and apologies for the delay in printing them.

To Serve Spinach.

Wash the leaves well, put them in salted boiling water, and let them come to the boiling point; then remove to a pan of cold water and drain.

Chop them with three or four green onion tops, making the mixture about as fine as hash. Melt some lard or butter in a pan, mix in the spinach and stir in from two to five tablespoonfuls flour, being careful to rub it free from lumps. Then put in some milk, or half milk and half the water the spinach was cooked in.

Flavor with salt, pepper and nutmeg; let boil about two minutes, and when ready to serve, beat up one egg and mix in before removing from the stove. It should then be about the consistency of mush.—Prairie Flower.

Lemon Jelly.

For 1 quart take 4 lemons, 4 eggs, 4 cups sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls of butter.

Grate the rind from the lemons and squeeze out the juice and pulp. Beat the eggs and sugar together with the butter; add the lemon juice, grated rind and pulp; beat thoroughly and boil for 2 or 3 minutes in an earthen or granite kettle, stirring it constantly.—Mrs. M. M. M.

Walnut Cookies.

2 cupfuls sugar 2-3 cupful butter, 2-3 cupful sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 heaping cupful of nut meats.

Soak the nuts in cold water over night. Crack, and take out the meats as whole as possible. Put in a dish and cover with boiling water; let stand until cold, then, with a knife, pull off the brown skin, and chop fine.

Cream the butter and sugar together; add 1 cupful of flour with the baking powder, then the milk, then the nuts, lastly enough more flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out, cut and bake in a moderate oven. These are excellent with coffee.

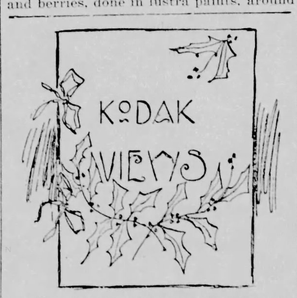
BLADE FANCY WORK.

The editor omits the fancy letters today, in order to give place to a very helpful list of suggestions sent by an old-time member of the club, to whom she returns most heartfelt thanks, and a cordial invitation to come again soon.

In response to our editor's appeal, I just ran in for a few moments this morning, to tell you about some little Christmas gifts I am making.

In the first place, I am a "camera fiend," and have some very nice 4x5 views. I bought a box of unruled, parchment note paper, and taking one sheet for a cover, made a booklet by tying six more sheets together with baby ribbon.

The cover had sprays of holly leaves and berries, done in lustra paints, around



the words "Kodak Views," traced in gold. The views may be pasted in, or cut slits in the paper and put the corners of the views through them. Of course there is only one view on a leaf, leaving the other side blank. The cover would be very dainty, painted with water colors.

I made a watch or ring case by cutting a circular piece of pasteboard, covering it with pink crepe paper. A little bag made of a bit of blue silk covered with white lace, with a tiny bow of blue baby ribbon fastened where it is gathered at the bottom, is fastened to the center of the circle which is suspended by more of the blue ribbon, and the result is a charming little gift.

A book-mark for "Auntie" is composed of a strip of white celluloid with "ba-

by's" picture pasted in the center, and holly leaves and berries painted with lustra or oil colors, and finished with a silken cord and tassel at one end.

Will give some one else a chance now. "Speak up!" members of the club!

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

LOUISE LATHAM WALLS.

The last night of the old year found the cosmopolitan population of San Francisco—always ready to celebrate the coming of a holiday— in a madder mood than usual as it surged through Market street awaiting the passing of the dying hours.

Through the line of glittering lights moved the restless masses of humanity. Up one side and down the other, then back again, filling the air with shouts and laughter of reckless abandon as they pushed their way along.

Around the Lotta fountain clustered the flower dealers, their baskets heaped to overflowing with a glorious profusion of blossoms. Sweet, purple violets and gorgeous chrysanthemums scented the soft air with their fragrant breath, and great bunches of holly with their scarlet berries, adorned the shop windows, gaily decked in honor of the birth of a new year.

On the corners of the street stood the sidewalk merchants finding a ready sale for their stock of toy trumpets and tin whistles. Men, women and children were armed with these instruments of torture and blew themselves red in the face in their efforts to contribute to the deafening noise.

In front of a cheap theater a brass band brayed out, "There's a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night," and the feet of the passers by involuntarily kept time to the measures of the negro melody. On an opposite corner the Salvation Army implored the unheeding crowd to "Come and be Saved."

In the cafes the tables were surrounded with a hungry, thirsty crowd of people, who mingled their voices with the strains of the orchestra as it rang out the latest popular airs. The "Standing Room Only" signs were displayed in the lobbies of the theaters, and from the open windows of the public dance halls floated the sounds of music and revelry. The populace was assembled in force and bent upon amusement. Aching hearts and troubled minds were apparently forgotten and the new year must be welcomed in without a shadow cast upon its baby face.

High up in a lodging house a woman stood leaning from her window which faced the broad thoroughfare. For hours she had lingered there, the room in darkness behind her, as she watched, with weary eyes, the rushing crowd below.

"Has all the world gone mad to night?" she whispered to herself. "It seems to me that I feel my loneliness more than ever. All those people have some one, while I—Oh, well, perhaps the new year will bring me happiness once more. I can spell it in four letters, the Jack I want, only Jack. I wish that woman would stop singing that song. I hate it," she added, impatiently, as a street singer's voice reached her wailing out the words, "He's Sleeping in the Klondike Vale To-Night."

The sound of an opening door made her turn her head, and with a rustle and swirl of silken skirts, a girl came into the room. Through the doorway a flood of light shone in from the hall and the visitor stood blinking into the darkness as she cried, "Kate, Kate, where are you? For goodness sake, have you been moping here all the evening? Foolish girl, I've been to the theater and had a beautiful time. I just ran up to get you to come down into the street and see the fun. Then we'll go somewhere and have supper. My, but I am hungry! Come Kate, put on your bonnet like a lady."

"Oh, I can't Alice," came a muffled voice from the window. "All I can do is to stay here and be miserable, Alice. I haven't heard a word from Jack for months."

"Well, what of it," was the brisk reply. "What do you expect from a man who is roosting around in the Klondike? No news is good news, never say die, don't give up the ship, and things like that. Come, dear, my sister and her husband are waiting for me, also a young man, 'Which I mention no names.' You'll be well taken care of, and Jack couldn't possibly object to your going with us. Here's your hat and your jacket right on this nail," said Alice, as she rummaged in the closet. "How beautifully you do keep your clothes press," she added, admiringly, "you ought to see mine, it's a sight!"

Kate smiled as she answered; "No, Alice, I can't possibly come. I do not feel like it, so run along and don't worry about me."

"Oh, you are so contrary. I don't wan to leae you here alone. However, if I must I suppose it will have to be that way," but her arm stole around Kate's waist with a sympathizing pressure as she said good-night. The door closed, only to be opened again, and a gaily bowered hat, crowning a pretty face appeared as a laughing voice said: 'Kate, which shall I bring you, a weiner schnitzel or a hot tomale? Think it over.'"

"Bring me Jack, Alice, bring me Jack," Kate answered.

"All right, he'll be brung," was the merry reply, and the sound of a light footstep hastening down the hall soon followed the final closing of the door.

Two years before, Kate Herbert and Jack Lancaster had met in the office where both were employed. She as typewriter, and he as general utility man. It was the same old story. Both were alone in the world, and it was not long before they discovered, as many have done before, that they could only find happiness in each other. So they were married. Their incomes were small and uncertain, but they felt rich in love and hope, and with brave hearts faced the future. For a few months all went smoothly, then the blow fell. Jack lost his position, and it seemed impossible for him to find another. He grew thin and pale in his weary tramp from place to place in search of employment, until, finally, when an opportunity came to join a party going to the Klondike, he accepted the offer. He had but a day in which to make his preparations, so there was little time to think of the sorrow of separation and he was gone almost before his wife could realize what had come upon them. Then came the pain and loneliness of the one who is left behind. Kate went on bravely with her work, living upon the few letters she received from her husband, and watching anxiously for the incoming steamers from the land of gold.

Suddenly the letters ceased and there was no word from Jack. Christmas came and passed and she was still alone, wearing out her heart in anxious thoughts of the absent one.

The holidays are always sad times for those who are lonely and sorrowful. They bring with them crowding memories of the past, thoughts of those who are gone, and perhaps of happiness which seems lost forever. The coming of the New Year should bring brighter hopes for the future, but with Kate, life looked dark and her fears overcame her power for hopefulness.

After her friend had left her, she turned from the window and threw herself upon the bed where she lay with tear-filled eyes, alone with her trouble.

Suddenly the bells rang out the midnight hour. The din below increased in volume, and the clamoring bells, shrieking whistles and babel of voices made a tumult of sound that aroused her from the sleep into which she had fallen.

"The old year was gone, the new time had come and her heart grew strangely lighter. The transition of a moment seemed to have brought something into her life that was missing before and hope came to her once again.

Involuntarily she rose to her feet and stood listening. There was a sound of whispering voices down the hall, a smothered laugh, a hurried footstep that paused, and then—"Jack, oh Jack," she cried as the door opened and her husband dashed into the room.

"There, I told you I'd bring him," said Alice who stood in the hallway. "We picked him up at the first corner and all of us came back to see the joyful meeting. Bless you, my children, bless you."

The room seemed filled with a group of laughing, chattering people, but Kate was only conscious of Jack who stood by her side holding her hand in a close, warm clasp. Then he told them how he had become discouraged in his search for gold and had started for home two months before. On his way back he had lost the trail and had wandered about for days until he was picked up by a party of miners. Aboard the steamer he had fallen in with the president of a wealthy Alaskan trading company, who had taken a liking to him and offered him a position as purchasing agent with a comfortable salary, so good luck had come to them once more, he added, as he turned to his wife with a contented smile.

"It seems almost too good to be true," sighed Kate, "but I am going to believe that happiness has come to us at last."

"Of course it has, for there's Jack and he has a 'stiddy job.' What more do you want?" demanded Alice. Now let's away with melancholy and have something to eat. The rest of us can't live on the sight of you two, even if you are sufficient for each other."

Then with the young man whose name she failed to mention, but whom they all knew and liked, Alice went out and bought the materials for an impromptu supper. It was served on paper plates and any odds and ends of dishes they could find, and Jack and his wife were given the seats of honor in the two best chairs, while the others established themselves in any available resting place. At the end of the merry feast, though Alice vowed she couldn't sing a note, she finally stood up and gave them. "When Jack Comes Home Again," in such a tender way that it brought more than a suspicion of tears to the eyes of her listeners. Then a thoughtful silence fell upon the party as the measures of a dreamy waltz drifted into the window from a ball room across the way.

"And the night shall be filled with music," whispered Jack softly.

"And no cares shall infest the day," gently added his wife as once again the joy bells rang out a Happy New Year greeting.

The Merry Go-Rounds

"All things are touched with melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel for fair ethereal wings,
Weighed down with vile degraded dust.
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
O give her then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears and musings holy.
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely.
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy."

Concerning the poem study for November, M. A. G. sends these thoughts:

I think when John G. Saxe wrote "Miserere" he had a bad attack of the blues or of indigestion. If it were not for love, what would life be worth?

I suppose he refers not to the benevolent, brotherly love, but to the tender passion felt for one person. I believe in the quotation:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Taken altogether, the poem makes love a thing to be dreaded; filling one's life with weariness and woe. If it were not for "the endless strife of love's sweet law with cold convention's rules," the stolen interview, the entrance walk, the hasty caress would lose half their sweetness. I do not believe that there is "a loving soul unloved;" there is always love waiting for those who seek it, but because "the perfect mate" is lacking it is sometimes undeclared.

Bible Student looks at the subject in this light:

It seems to me to be a miserable plaint against the sanctity of the marriage covenant. That the conventional laws are too strict and should be ignored whenever they conflict with our personal desires; a thought that too often permeates the minds of rich and poor alike, to their own debasement.

It is the trespassing on the conventional rules that causes "the fear that baffles bliss in beauty's arms," else why should there be fear if no law of God or man is violated?

"The perfect mate," "found too late," indicates a legal obstruction that must be removed before that baffled bliss can be enjoyed without fear. "Absence" only lends enchantment; as to the dread of "love or lover dead," we should not build the house before the foundation is laid.

Neither should we muse on "all the direful harms" that the human heart may or may not be doomed to prove, then we would have no occasion to think that "the pity of this life is love," but that love is the essence, the source of that real life that is grand, ennobling, elevating in its effect upon whoever comes under its right influence.

I admit that the poem is susceptible of a different interpretaton, and that the author may only be opposing those who

"Taught by farring sects and schools,
Fetter reason with their rules."

I may be "one of the fools that frown," but this is the view I take of "Miserere."

Coralyn treats the study in this way: In "Miserere" we have a dark picture. A singer's voice sends forth the words, "The pity of this earthly life is love," and one with life-wearied heart is listening; widening, like the ripples around an eddy in the stream, their influence spreads through all his thought, leaving no room for love's brighter truth.

He mourns convention's restraint upon love's expression; unrequited love; pledges of love that prove untrue; love's separation, and the fear of love's loss. Remembering that human hearts are "doomed to prove" these sorrows, he also says: "I think the pity of this life is love."

The power of influence is here plainly shown; our words may make prison-walls of doubt and grief, or they may open a door of hope. Are not the sentiments of our M. G. R. members at variance with the thoughts expressed in the poem?

It is true that "He who buys love, pays for it with the possibility of pain," but love is the key-stone in the arch of life. It is our surety for earth's most desirable things, and our passport into the Better Country. We read in the old, old Book of one who, without fear of its loss, counted it joy to sell all that he had that he might own the field containing the hidden treasure, and it was Tennyson who said:

"I hold it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Alice Kent, who sent the study, speaks of it in this wise:

The thing is a mystery to me. John G. Saxe is ordinarily one of the cheeriest, most optimistic of poets, and I can only account for this dolorous wail by supposing him to have been in the dumps when he wrote it, or else, and this seems more probable, someone he loved was in that undesirable condition.

It would be as sensible to say that the blessed sunshine was to be deplored, because we missed it so badly when the dark days came; or that we were in jeopardy when we ate a square meal, because perchance we might be hungry some day, and the recollection of our past fullness would rise up and torture us!

There is an old saying that nothing that is worth having comes for idle wishing, and that "a long fast makes a good feast." So it is, I think, with those who, bound, perhaps, "by cold convention's rules," are long kept from their rightful heritage of true love. When it is theirs, at last can its sweetness be measured in the same scale with their suffering? Hardly. Rather it will so completely wipe out the memory of that waiting time, that they will forget that it ever was.

That there are many "loving souls unloved," in the strict sense of the phrase, do not believe, though I admit there are many women, and men, too, who seem fit candidates for marital bliss, to whom it never comes. These are the uncles and aunts who make life a pleasant thing for scores of youngsters; the "old maids," whose helpful hands are ever ready to lift the burden of life from tired mothers until they can "draw a long breath" and take it up again; and the "old bachelors," those much-talked-about, but oft-times maligned members of society whose generous hearts are often moved to deeds heroic because so little appreciated.

To these comes a measure of love, not the rich, satisfying quality that comes into the hearts of those who are happily wed, but still a sort that makes life better and well worth living.

I think it is the Theosophists who claim that we must go through every imaginable form of life before we can attain a state of rest. I know that a life without sorrow, if such were possible, is an incomplete life; and that while the contemplation of the loss of one who has grown into our very hearts, is the most intense suffering that can come to us, still if it makes us more tender of them while they are with us, more pitiful toward others who have the same cross to bear, that in its very pain is a purifying and uplifting tendency that makes it a "blessing in disguise," surely not a "pity."

In conclusion, I must say again that I can not but wonder how Saxe happened to write such a doleful screed, or how it comes to be printed in the little edition of his works bearing this dedicatory inscription:

"To my best friend (a diamond edition of a woman) I inscribe this diamond edition of the poems of her husband."

Miss Prudence thanks these M. G. R.'s for their papers, and wishes that more of her boys and girls would take sufficient interest in the studies to send at least a short review each month. Next year a prize will be offered for the best review sent throughout the year, and another for the member sending the greatest number of acceptable reviews during the year.

In answer to several inquiries, the Chaperone wishes to say that there is still a small number of badges to be had at The Blade office, but they are going very rapidly, and unless they are sent for soon the supply will have given out.

The reduced price—17 cents—puts them within the reach of all, and the time is coming when the little silver shield will be almost as well-known as the Maltese cross of the King's Daughters.

During the past year, the Chaperone has frequently had reason to realize that her boys and girls were trying to live up to their motto, and scattered as they are all over the country, the influence for good must be growing in almost every state in the Union.

With an earnest hope that this is true, and that the coming year may be full of "Honest work and healthful play" for every one of them, she thanks them all for their loving help and encouragement, and wishes them all "A Glad New Year."

"So long as a child or man lacks respect for the product of his own best effort, his power does not increase rapidly even by use. Faith in one's own power strong enough to lead to its use and respect for the product of effort honestly made, give every conscious effort a widening and strengthening influence on character."—The New Crusade.

TROUBLE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Heigh ho! the world's full of trouble,
Little folks know it well;
Who has been here, while the prim little mother

Went her chickens to sell?
Ah! it was you, with your meddlesome fingers,
Dear little blundering Belle!

Heigh ho! there's the milk for Miss Dolly
Spilled, every drop on the floor;
The cows are away in the woods and the meadows,
How can we get any more?
And what will you say to the prim little mother,
There she comes! in at the door?

"Heigh ho!" cries Maggie, the mother,
"What in the world is to pay?
Nothing goes right in the parlor or kitchen
As sure as I am away;"
Poor little Belle, with her meddlesome fingers,
Never a word can she say.

How should she know that the one-legged dolly,
Asleep in grandfather's chair,
Was threatened with croup and musn't be lifted
Except with the greatest of care?
"Tick! tock!" says the clock, "little mother,
Learn to bear and forbear!"

—Our Young Folks.

THE HOLIDAY WEEK IN THE BUCKEYE STATE.

Last week the Cozy Corner and M. G. R. suspended their usual meeting to give place to the Christmas entertainments given The Blade Household.

This week Our Young Folks have voted to exchange their customary story for the record of games played at the Ohio Entertainment. They do this the more readily, perhaps, because this list of amusements is almost entirely one that will interest them, especially those given on the "Fifth Evening."

Here the Christmas festivities were ushered in by a great stamping of hoofs, and jingling of bells, that warned everyone of the approach of Santa Claus, and soon after, not only he, but his good wife made their appearance, and took seats on a raised platform at one side of the room.

Back of them hung a curtain, which rolled up directly, disclosing Young America, in the person of a hand-some little fellow, evidently in proud possession of his first "pants." A jaunty little figure he was, too, leaning against a diminutive "wheel," his hands in his pockets, and his rosy lips pursed up all ready to whistle.

Following this came Uncle Sam, long-tailed coat, high hat, and all.

Next, The Blade Cozy Corner, represented by a circle of women, who, with knitting work, sewing, etc., in hand, seemed enjoying a social hour.

A circle of boys and girls, dancing merrily around a central figure, who evidently had difficulty in maintaining her dignity sufficiently to refrain from dancing with them, represented the Merry-Go-Round and their Chaperone.

The next picture disclosed a row of students of various sizes and ages, standing before a small, but important looking female, and was at once recognized as the Cademy, toeing the mark before the Schoolmistress.

A blooming young person, in a big white apron, with flour on her hair and ink on her fingers, was, of course, none other than The Blade Cook.

Following her came the Fancy Work Editor, with an anxious pucker on her fair brow, as she searched through her books for something new and nice for her readers.

A majestic female, armed with a huge pair of shears, represented the Goddess of the Waste Basket, said useful article appearing at her right hand in an overflowing condition.

The Literary department was typified by a Minerva-like figure with glasses on, a blue pencil behind her ear, and a pile of books surrounding her.

Our Young Folks was well represented by a group of happy children, and the last picture of all, a large portrait of Miss Bouton, the presiding genius of all these departments, was greeted with hearty applause.

The Second Evening.

A musical and literary entertainment was prepared for this evening, but, owing to the failure of some of the performers to appear, a good social time was had instead. Some ancient games were revived, such as birds, beasts and fishes, where the guests are seated in a circle, one standing in the center of the room, points suddenly at some one in the circle, calls out "birds," and proceeds to count ten as fast as he can.

The person pointed at must respond with the name of a bird, before the count is finished, or else take his place in the center, and call to some one else. It seems to be a very easy thing to think of the name of a bird, but one will stammer and make all manner of hard work of it, much to the amusement of the onlookers. Instead of Birds, Beasts or Fishes, may be called, the same style of test being observed.

After this Magic Writing was indulged in. The secret of this was known only to two people in the company; one of these went out of the room, while the others selected a name to be written. On her return, her partner, seated in the midst of a room with a long stick in her hand, made mysterious flourishes and knocks, and, having finished, the one who had gone out announced the word chosen. It had an uncanny look, but like most witchcraft was easily explained.

Suppose the word to be "carpet." As the writer flourishes her wand, she says, indifferently, "Can you guess this?" then she gives one thump on the floor. She then says, "Really, it is not difficult," a few more flourishes, "Put your whole attention on it now." Two thumps; "There, what is it?" In her speeches she has given, as the initial letter of the first word, the consonants in the desired word, and has indicated the vowels by the thumps, one standing for A, two for E, three for I, four for O, five for U, and six for Y. Easy when you know how, isn't it? That is what these people thought, but it took some of them so long to find out the secret that it was too late for any more games that night.

The Third Evening.

Conversation had grown so general the next evening, that the absence of a few of the guests was not discovered, especially as the absentees were constantly being changed, one or two slipping out as the others returned.

A good part of the evening had gone in this way, when in came the Hostess, bearing an armful of white papers, and following her came a man bearing a large frame covered with black cloth. This was set up on an easel, and the two proceeded to pin thereon, a sheet of the white paper. This disclosed a silhouette of one of the guests, which was instantly recognized by his prominent Roman nose.

One after another, every one in the room, had the pleasure of seeing themselves as others saw them, and of guessing who the different pictures represented. This, in some cases, was not easy, as every one has not a very prominent feature to be distinguished by, but before a picture was removed from the frame, its identity had to be established, and much laughter resulted therefrom.

The Fourth Evening.

Slips of paper were distributed this evening, and every one was directed to write the first syllable of the name of some noted person, turn down the slip to conceal what they had written, and pass it to the person at their right, receiving, of course, a similar slip from the one at their left, they were to write on that the second syllable of the same person's name. The slips were then handed along once more and read, each by the person then holding them.

The combinations were comical in the extreme. Imagine Funston and Weyler joining in this way: Fun-ler, Wey-ston; Roosevelt and Moses, Lincoln and Guitteau, etc. The best part of the game consisted in guessing out the names after they were written, and this occasioned much jollity. The number of syllables must be designated, and if three or more are used, the slips must be passed along a corresponding number of times.

The Fifth Evening.

This was children's night, and every one gave themselves up to the entertainment of the youngsters. Santa Claus made his appearance early in the evening, and having emptied his pack of a variety of gifts, set himself to the duties of master of ceremonies, an office he filled to the vast delight of the company.

One of the games he told them about, and which was played to a finish, was This and That. One of the children was sent from the room while the others chose an object, which the absent one was to name on her return. It may be as well to state that this same "absent one" was in the secret with another who was in the room, and who acted as "interlocutor." The object selected was the piano, and in asking what it was, the word "this" was used when pointing to the piano, whereas "that" had preceded every other object designated.

It took some little time for the trick to be discovered, and then Santa suggested that they play "Thread the Needle." This was like a dance, and was played to music. The entire company chose partners, and formed in two lines, as in an old-fashioned reel. The two at the foot of the line took hold of hands, and danced to the top, where they passed under the uplifted arms of the first two, followed by all the rest. The "first was last" now, and the pretty evolution was repeated until every couple had changed places.

A "sitting down game" being now in order, he introduced that of "First, Second and Third," played in this way: One of the boys went out of the room, and the others selected three persons. To make the illustration a little clearer, these three may be called Mr. Smith, Mrs. Brown and Mr. Jones.

When the boy came in, he was asked: "What will you do to our first?" and answered: "I will give her a new bonnet." "And what will you do to our second?" "I will give him a bicycle and a shotgun." "And what will you do to our third?" "I will give her a smelling bottle and a poodle-dog."

The absurdity of the gifts is evident, seeing that Mr. Smith, the "first," was a confirmed old bachelor, that the second was a timid lady, and the "third" an athlete, who scorned such ladylike trifles most heartily.

Another, on coming in, gave a wig to the Shop-lifter, a pair of skates to Oliver Cromwell, and a smoker's outfit to "Tiny Tim." Any one, alive or dead, may be chosen, and the more absurd the gifts offered, the more fun there is in the game.

"King and Queen" was the next game. In this the company was divided in half and numbered, the girls taking the odd, and the boys the even numbers. A leader was chosen for each side, called the King and Queen. To start the game, the King called Number 2, and the boy having called 9, and girl No. 9 started after her No. 2. If she caught him before he reached the place where he started from, he had to go to the Queen's side of the house, but if not, they both returned to their places. Then the Queen called first, and 7 sped away, followed by the who caught her and took her to the "King Row" in triumph. The object of the game is to get all the players to one side.

As girls are not supposed to run as fast as boys, it might make the chances more even, if, instead of having them separated, they alternated on either side.

Last of all, Santa produced a huge bag made of white tissue paper, and evidently full of something. This he hung to a hook in the folding door, and, providing each child with a light cane, took them one by one to the farther end of the room, blindfolded them, turned them three times around and told them to hit the bag with their stick. Their wanderings were amusing enough, not one of them coming within striking distance of the bag. When all had tried, they were formed into a regular "line of battle," and, with eyes unbandaged, told to "Charge." They did so with a rush and shout, and the bag, pierced in a number of places, let out a shower of nuts, candies and pop-corn, which was pounced upon by the raiders, in a manner which showed their belief in the maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils."

The Sixth Evening.

Somewhat exhausted by their activity of the night before, and a little subdued, perhaps, by the knowledge that this was their last evening together, there was no attempt made at a formal program, the hours being most pleasantly spent in listening to some good music, in joining in the chorus of the familiar songs, and in conversation. Many plans were laid for the coming year in the different departments represented, and if they all materialize, the readers of The Blade will long have occasion to remember the Christmas festivities of the Cozy Corner.

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FIGHT WITH FILIPINOS.

Manila, Dec. 26, 1:10 p. m.—Col. J. Franklin Bell, of the Thirty-sixth infantry, encountered 150 Filipinos Thursday, near Alaminos, province of Zambales, and killed, wounded or captured 28 of them. Our troops also obtained possession of a number of rifles and a quantity of ammunition. One American was wounded.

A detachment of the Thirty-fourth infantry encountered a band of the enemy on Saturday at Aritao, province of New Vizcaya, and routed them, killing two and wounding or capturing thirteen. The Americans also seized a quantity of ammunition.

The Twenty-first regiment attacked a Filipino outpost Sunday, near Calamba, scattering them and killing five of the enemy.

The Thirty-second regiment, Sunday, had a brush with the enemy from the mountains northwest of Dinalupijan. One American was wounded. The troops captured 125 head of cattle and brought them to Granji, Bataan province.

In the island of Panay, Capt. Brownells company of the Twenty-sixth infantry fought the enemy near Saia. The rebels lost heavily, and the Americans captured a number of rifles. The rebels who fled from Panay to Ronden island are surrendering to the American garrison from Panay.

The funeral of Gen. Lawton will take place December 30. The remains will be embarked on the transport Thomas.

HOW LAWTON DIED.

Manila, Dec. 20.—General Lawton left home Monday night, having returned from his northern operations Saturday, to lead an expedition through Mariquina valley, which has been an insurgent stronghold throughout the war. The valley has several times been invaded, but never held by the Americans. General Goronimo was supposed to have there the largest organized force north of Manila, and General Otis wished to garrison Mariquina.

The night was one of the worst of the season. A terrific rain had begun and is still continuing.

Accompanied by his staff and Troop I, Fourth cavalry, General Lawton set out at 9 o'clock in advance of the main force, consisting of the Eleventh cavalry and one battalion each of the 20th and 27th infantry, which started from La Loma at midnight. With small escort, he led the way through an almost pathless country, a distance of 15 miles over hills and through cane brake and deep mud, the horses climbing the rocks and sliding down the hills. Before daybreak the command had reached the head of the valley.

San Mateo was attacked at 8 o'clock, and a three hours' fight ensued. This resulted in but few casualties on the American side, apart from the death of General Lawton, but the attack was difficult because of the natural defenses of the town.

General Lawton was walking along the firing line within 300 yards of a small sharpshooters' trench, conspicuous in the big white helmet he always wore, and a light yellow rain coat. He was also easily distinguishable by reason of his commanding stature.

The sharpshooters directed several close shots which clipped the grass nearby. His staff officers called General Lawton's attention to the danger he was in, but he only laughed with his usual contempt for bullets.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "I am shot!" clenched his hands in a desperate effort to stand erect, and fell into the arms of a staff officer.

Orderlies rushed across the field for surgeons, who dashed up immediately, but their efforts were useless. The body was taken to a clump of bushes and laid upon a stretcher, the familiar white helmet covering the face of the dead general.

Almost at this moment the cheers of the American troops rushing into San Mateo were mingling with the rifle volleys. After the fight six stalwart cavalrymen forded the river to the town, carrying the litter on their shoulders, the staff preceding with the colors and a cavalry escort following.

The troops filed bareheaded through the building where the body was laid, and many a tear fell from the eyes of men who had long followed the intrepid Lawton. The entire command was stricken with grief, as though each man had suffered a personal loss. Owing to the condition of the country, which is impassable so far as vehicles are concerned, the remains could not be brought to Manila to-day. Mrs. Layton and the children are living in a government residence formerly occupied by a Spanish general. San Mateo lies between a high mountain behind, and a broad, shallow stream in front, with wide sand bars which the insurgent trenches and the buildings command. The Americans were compelled to ford the river under fire. It was while they were lying in the rice fields and volleying across preparatory to passing the stream that General Lawton was shot. All except the officers remained behind cover. A staff officer was wounded about the same time, and one other officer and seven men were wounded.

After three hours' shooting the Filipinos were dispersed into the mountains. Colonel Lockett took command when General Lawton fell.

GEN. LAWTON'S FUNERAL.

Manila, Dec. 21.—Major General Lawton's body was brought from San Mateo to Manila yesterday afternoon, his staff and a squadron of cavalry acting as escort. It was found necessary to bridge the river.

The funeral will take place from his late residence here, a mansion formerly occupied by a Spanish general. The body has been temporarily placed in a vault in El Paco cemetery, where many of the American soldiers have been interred and a guard of honor will be maintained. When Mrs. Lawton and her four children shall have completed their arrangements for returning to the United States the remains will be taken on a transport with an escort of offices for final interment, as is thought probable here, in Arlington cemetery.

General Lawton's death has caused universal sorrow in Manila. No American officer had greater popularity among all ranks, and in his dealings with the natives he commanded their respect and confidence to a remarkable degree. The mayors whom he installed in the neighboring towns are arranging to attend the funeral in a body.

To his executive ability and personal leadership is chiefly due the brilliant execution of the campaign in North Luzon, which has scattered the insurrectionary forces from San Isidro to the gulf of Lingayen. That section of the island which had to be traversed during the very worst season of the year presented difficulties considered by all acquainted with it to be almost insurmountable, but General Lawton thoroughly covered the program assigned him. When he reached Tayug and found that the other division had not arrived, he went through to Dagupan on his own responsibility. Although he imposed great hardships on his men, he invariably shared their lot cheerfully.

The insurgents retreated to the northeast, leaving six dead.

They have other forces near Taytay. This region, although close to Manila, has proved the most difficult from which to dislodge the enemy. It is now reported that the insurgents intend to concentrate at Santa Cruz, Laguna province, and in the district east of Laguna De Bay.

The American secret service reports that Aguinaldo has joined the Marijuna force.

WHAT MABINI SAYS.

Manila, Dec. 20.—Mabini, formerly a member of the Filipino cabinet, and considered the strongest and most intellectual of the insurgents, said to a correspondent of the Associated Press at Manila to-day:

"The future peace of the Philippines depends entirely upon the form of government the Americans establish. We are vanquished because we lack food and munitions, and mismanaged our affairs. But the spirit of independence is craving for recognition. The individuality of the Filipino people still lives. If the government eventually established here is liberal, secure and free, the satisfaction and contentment of the people will result and there will be no trouble. If it is otherwise the people will be dissatisfied and will aid revolutionary movements which will certainly occur sooner or later. Without the peoples' support such a movement is impossible. Everything depends upon what the Americans do. The subsequent guerilla warfare will be easily terminated. I believe the Filipino people should be consulted as to the nature and details of the government to be established. If the war results in the recognition of our desires, rights and necessities as a people to be governed, it will not have been in vain."

Mabini spoke unofficially, expressing his own opinions.

FROM NORTH LUZON.

Washington, Dec. 23.—A cablegram from General Otis was received at the War department to-day giving the first news for some time from Colonels Howze and Hare. General Otis' advices indicate that they are close upon the insurgent leader and also state that the American prisoners have been re-taken. Captain Gilmore is still in hands of the enemy.

General Otis' dispatch follows:

"Manila, Dec. 23.—General Young reports under date of the 21st inst. from Vigan that Colonels Hare and Howze were heard from December 17, still in pursuit through the mountains of the insurgent column having our prisoners of whom four re-captured, Captain Gilmore remaining a prisoner.

The insurgents are one day in advance and the pursuit is continued. These pursuing troops have encountered great hardships, but will probably strike Aparri. Two hundred and one Spanish prisoners from Aparri received this morning, 200 more in that section, mostly friars, awaiting transportation to Manila. Entire Sixteenth Infantry leaves to-morrow for stations from that point as far south as Bayonbong. Batchelder's battalion, Twenty-fourth, is now on lower Rio Grande in good condition to return to San Jose country. Forty-fourth Infantry being sent to Hughes at Iloilo, who reports Panay, Negros and adjacent islands quiet. Arriving troops and supplies being unloaded through service Manila & Dagupan railway, two trains daily. All ports Northern Luzon open January 1.

"OTIS."

Civilizing Them.

New York, Dec. 23.—A dispatch to the Herald from Manila says:

Division Chaplain Pierce, of the United States army, will establish philanthropic societies, as proposed by Bishop Potter.

A school for girls and a college will be organized.

The Thomas Arrives.

Washington, Dec. 23.—General Otis has informed the War department that the transport Thomas arrived at Manila last evening and had no casualties on the trip. The Thomas left New York November 4, and carried the 47th volunteer infantry.

Aguinaldo Fleeing.

Manila, Dec. 23.—Colonel Wilder has telegraphed to Vigan, from Bayomboang, that Aguinaldo has crossed the mountains near Bayomboang, going southward. His wife died in a villa in the vicinity.

COLE IS ARRESTED.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 23.—Charles H. Cole, former president of the Globe National bank, of Boston, was arrested at Redondo by United States Marshal Osborne to-day and brought to this city. The arrest was made on a warrant charging him with misappropriating government funds. The information was sent from Boston to United States Attorney Flint, and arrived last night.

Mr. Cole, accompanied by his wife and son, arrived in this city last Sunday and registered at the Van Nuys hotel. Yesterday they went to Redondo. He made no attempt to conceal his identity, though evidently aware that his arrest was probable. Mr. Cole's son stated that his father knows absolutely nothing about the bank's affairs. He resigned from the presidency of the institution about two months ago. The family went from Boston to Salt Lake City, where Mr. Cole had mining interests, and later came to Los Angeles on account of Mrs. Cole's health.

Mr. Cole has been connected with the Globe bank for 30 years, and his arrest has caused a sensation in Boston. He will be held here awaiting advices from Boston.

Authorities Silent.

Boston, Dec. 23.—News of the arrest of Charles H. Cole, formerly president of the Globe National Bank in this city, at Redono, California, interrupted an unusual effort on the part of the United States authorities to keep secret the fact that any action had been taken to bring about the arrest. The Associated Press Dispatches from Los Angeles, California, last night said that United States officers were after Cole, but no one at the office of the United States District Attorney here, early in the day, would acknowledge that a warrant for Cole's arrest had been issued. As soon as word was received that he was in custody, however, it developed that the warrant had been issued during the forenoon, and that the authorities had little trouble in finding the man when they actually wanted him.

The warrant was sworn out before United States Commissioner Fiske before Special Examiner Daniel G. Wing, acting under the orders of the comptroller of the currency. Owing to the reticence of those interested it is impossible to learn what charge or charges the warrant contains, but it is generally supposed, and admitted by banking officials, that the ex-bank president is accused either of falsifying the books of the bank or misapplication of the bank's funds, possibly both. Cole will be held in California pending the arrival of the official documents.

Seriously Ill.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 22.—Ex-United States Senator James W. Bradbury is dangerously ill. He is in his 98th year, and is not expected to recover.

GEN. ROBERTS' SEND-OFF.

London, Dec. 23.—Field Marshal Lord Roberts, who is to assume command of the British forces in South Africa, left Waterloo railroad station at noon to-day amid scenes of enthusiasm. Although only privileged persons were permitted to enter the station, this did not prevent the gathering of immense throngs at all the approaches and other points of vantage, who cheered repeatedly as "Bobs," accompanied by his wife and two daughters drove up.

Seldom has the terminus witnessed such a sight. Every appearance of the field marshall was the signal for hurrahs and good wishes. The moment the veteran commander arrived he was surrounded by military officers and other friends, and held a semi-private reception in the waiting room.

Many ladies pressed eagerly forward to get a last hand-shake, expressed deep sympathy with the disttinguished soldier in his recent bereavement, and bade him Godspeed.

As the general joined his wife and daughters at the door of the saloon carriage, he was speedily surrounded by distinguished statesmen and militiamen, including the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lieut. Col. Cordington, the queen's equiry.

Scarcely had the commander-in-chief joined Lord Roberts when a great cheer announced the approach of the Duke of Cambridge. The crush was so great that the duke, in spite of police protection, was so hustled, that more than once he gave verbal expression of resentment at the rough treatment he had to submit to and the police redoubled their efforts, finally enabling the duke to reach Lord Roberts.

The ladies present suffered much, but their piteous appeals were unavailing to stem the crush. Renewed cheering heralded the Duke of Connaught's arrival. Then rousing cheers momentarily diverted attention from the hero of the hour as the Prince of Wales approached and greeted Lord Roberts. The prince and the distinguished general engaged in earnest conversation, and furnished a striking center to a group which included no less than five field marshals. Lord Roberts, who was in mourning dress, looked fit for anything. In spite of his 67 years, he was soldierly, and his rugged features reflected determination.

At the time the train was due to start, the Prince of Wales again shook hands with Lord Roberts, and spoke a few words to the general, of which the phrase "God bless you," "good luck to you," were heard by those near by.

The prince also said: "Good bye, Bobs; a happy Christmas, a prosperous New Year and every possible luck in your journey."

Mr. Balfour bade Lord Roberts a similar farewell. Amidst the din, enthusiasm and excitement, no one heard the signals for departure, and in consequence the train was moving while Lord Roberts was still on the platform with his back to the carriage door. The farewells were abruptly terminated and he was forced to make a somewhat undignified scramble for his seat.

As the general disappeared in the saloon carriage, a final lusty cheer was started and continued until the train passed out of sight.

Latest Bulletins.

London, Dec. 25.—The war office has received a cablegram from General Forestier-Walker, dated at Cape Town, saying: "Have no further news of the general situation."

The Duke of Connaught has again asked to go to the front, but the government declined to give its assent. Then waiving considerations of rank, he offered his services to Lord Roberts in any capacity as a staff officer. Lord Roberts consented, but the government again declined.

The Morning Post's correspondent at Chieveley telegraphing on Monday, December 18, and confirming intelligence already cabled, says:

"At dawn to-day the column struck camp and formed a new one, three miles to the south, owing to the scarcity of water."

A despatch from Modder River, dated December 18, says: "The Boers continue extending their trenches. They now have nearly twenty miles of entrenched works due north of the British camp, which also is in an admirable position for denfense, as the surrounding country is perfectly level. The Boers, moreover, are compelled to keep a force estimated at 20,000 in order to contain the British column. A large number of Lord Methuen's wounded have recovered and are ready to resume their places in the ranks.

The Daily News dispatch from Modder River, dated the 18th, says: "We are now waiting until England shall have realized the actual facts. It has to be admitted that, man for man, we have found ourselves pretty well matched, but the Boers have always the choice of positions. Let England then become alive to the need for a further 100,000 men. Such a force will prove the truest economy in both blood and treasure."

Gen. Gatacre's Order.

Cape Town, Monday, Dec. 18.—General Gatacre, in order to check insurrection among the Dutch colonists and to prevent disaffected persons giving information or other assistance to the Boers, has issued a modified reconcentrado order. By its terms all males over twelve years of age, of whatever nationality, residing outside of towns or villages but within a radius of twelve miles of military camps now established or hereafter to be established north of Sterkstroom, are required immediately to vacate their places of residence and either to remove to some place outside the twelve mile radius or to form a camp in close proximity to the nearest military camp, the spot to be selected by the officer commanding —where they must reside until further notice providing for their own needs.

All persons found within the radius without passes will be arrested.

Advices from Colesburg assert that not many colonial Dutch have joined the Boers in that district.

Certain residents of Malmesbury celebrated General Gatacre's repulse at Stormberg by a dinner.

Significant Selection.

London, Dec. 23.—The Daily News sees immense significance in the fact that Lord Roberts has appointed on his staff Lieutenant Colonel Henderson, author of a life of General Stonewall Jackson, the Confederate leader, and a man who has closely studied the history of the American civil war, and especially as he has not served under Lord Roberts before and is but little known to him personally. The appointment is regarded by the Daily News as proving Lord Roberts' belief that what is wanted in the war in South Africa is a strict application of Jackson's principles. It also connects the appointment with the rumor that General Joubert served under General Stonewall Jackson.

Boers Reintorced.

Sterkstroom, Cape Colony, Saturday, Dec. 16.—The Boers have been largely reinforced since General Gatacre's reverse at Stormberg. The country north of that point is in arms, and the farms of the loyalists are being taken by the Boers, who reap their crops. Boer accounts of successful engagements are printed for distribution throughout the disaffected districts.

Methuen's Situation.

London Dec. 23.—A dispatch from Cape Town, dated Sunday, December 17, says that General Methuen's primary object in crossing the Modder river appears to have been to establish searchlight communication with Kimberley, which is believed to be still on full rations. The water in the mines is plentiful. On the other hand, in spite of their usual tactics, it is considered possible that the Boers have been compelled to assume the offensive, the commander having arranged for the disposition of the forces in anticipation of difficulty in maintaining food supplies in the present positions. Moreover, it is said that there is a growing desire among the Free Staters to return home, which is testified to on many sides, and may tend to precipitate an action on the part of the Boer commanders. In spite of the delay of General Methuen in advancing, he is regarded as largely master of the situation, and his position is believed to be unassailable. In event of the Boers attacking Kimberley General Methuen would be enabled to make a counter move with his artillery and cavalry. Consequently such a movement on the part of the Boers, it is said, is not contemplated. It is apparent, therefore, that to make haste slowly is the truest policy at present, in accordance with General Methuen's dictum, the army should not advance faster than the slowest ox wagons.

HEART DISEASE

Some Facts Regarding the Rapid Increase of Heart Trouble.

Heart trouble, at least among the Americans, is certainly increasing and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion.

Real organic disease is incurable; but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic.

The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by the same great nerves, the Sympathetic and Pneumegastric.

In another way, also the heart is affected by the form of poor digestion which causes gas and fermentation from half digested food. There is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence arises palpitation and short breath.

Poor digestion also poisons the blood, making it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible treatment for heart trouble is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at most drug stores, and which contain valuable, harmless, digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

It is safe to say that the regular persistent use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at meal time will cure any form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

Full sized package of these tablets sold by druggists at 50 cents. Little book on stomach troubles mailed free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

Churchill Escaped.

London, Dec. 22.—Lady Randolph Churchill has received a cable dispatch from her son, Winston Churchill, who was captured by the Boers in Natal and taken to Pretoria, and whose escape from there was announced December 14, saying he had arrived safely at Delagoa Bay.

HOW LOGAN DIED.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 25.—Apropos of the reports put in circulation at the time of the death of Maj.-Gen. John A. Logan, killed in action in the Philippines, the following letter, received by L. G. Leiberman from his son, Dr. B. Albert Leiberman, major and surgeon of the Thirty-third United States infantry (Maj. Logan's regiment), effectually disproves the statement that Maj. Logan was shot by his own men:

"San Fabian, Luzon, Nov. 12, 1899.

"As I wrote you day before yesterday that we were to attack a town, I will now tell you that we did it, and, although we whipped them, the cost was severe, the killed including Maj. Logan. We left here at 7 a. m. and marched about two or three miles, when we ran into the enemy, who were in houses, rice fields and tops of trees along the road, and entrenchments without end. Corporal Robinson, in the advance, was wounded by the first volley. Maj. Logan, in passing him, stopped and asked him if he had a first aid package, and was shot through the head, just above the temples. I was only a short distance behind and I called to my acting hospital steward, Mercier, and we went forward to him. I took Maj. Logan's head and Mercier his feet, so as to move him, when poor Mercier was shot through the heart from a tree under which Maj. Logan was. I looked up, and saw the fellow about fifteen feet above me, and, drawing my revolver, I shot him, and he fell from the tree; then, right at that spot, several others were killed or wounded, and when I established my dressing station at that place, the sharpshooters in the tree tops made things very lively for us until a detail of men cleaned out the tree tops."

CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Through its chairman, General H. V. Boynton, the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park commission has made its annual report to the secretary of war. The document is of interest mainly because of the energetic defense to the healthfulness of the park. It is said that the mill use of the park has not resulted in any permanet damage, while it is a source of satisfaction to the committee to feel the park has proved of great practical use to the war department and has been the means of saving large sums for rent.

Gen. Boynton recalls the fact that when the park was abandoned there was much sickness and a condition approaching a panic prevailed with many officers and surgeons. There were large numbers of fever patients in the hospitals. Seven battalions of troops—four colored under Col. E. L. Huggins, of the Eighth United States volunteer infantry, and three white under Col. L. D. Tyson, of the Sixth United States volunteer infantry—were left at the camp. The strictest sanitary measures were at once adopted by those officers. The result was, that notwithstanding they were encamped in the same sections of the park where the departing troops had been, not a case of fever developed in either of these forces, nor did a death incident to camp disease occur. Indeed, in the Eighth U. S. volunteers not a death occurred from any cause from the organization of the regiment in June until its muster out in January. The general health of the Sixth U. S. volunteers was of the same favorable character, and due, without doubt, in both instances, to knowledge and increasing watchfulness of the regular officers in command.

The same conditions obtained even in the temporary force engaged for three months in filling sinks, cleaning up hospital sites, and hauling camp refuse from the grounds occupied by the troops. The large quartermaster and commissary forces, under Capt. D. E. McCarthy, as the quartermaster, and Major J. M. Arasmith, acting commissary of subsistence, also continued exempt from fever. It is respectfully submitted, says the commission, that these facts fix the responsibility for unusual sickness among the troops at Camp Thomas elsewhere than as result of the unhealthfulness of Chickamauga park.

Five states have been very active in the past year, through their battlefield commissions, in prosecuting their work on the field, namely, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and New York, and the report sets out in detail what has been accomplished by these commissions. Attention is called to the generosity exhibited by the citizens of Tennessee and Georgia in donating lands to the park for roads. Much land, worth as high as $3,000 an acre, has been contributed.

Trainer Killed.

Columbus, O., Dec. 21.—M. J. Meagher, an elephant trainer, better known as Patsy Forepaugh, was instantly killed by an elephant Wednesday afternoon at Sellsville. The elephant, known as "Sid," has been in captivity for twenty years and was never regarded as vicious. Yesterday afternoon Meagher led the elephants into the training circle for their daily exercise, when "Sid" became unruly and the trainer struck the animal with his stick. "Sid" became furious and hurled the trainer to the ground with his trunk. The elephant then fell on his victim, piercing Meagher's body with one of his tusks on which was a brass ball six inches in diameter.

FEARFUL LOSS OF LIFE.

Brownsville, Pa., Dec. 23.—An explosion occurred at the Braznil coal works, four miles from here, to-day. Sixty men are reported entombed. The tipple is wrecked. Messengers have been sent here for doctors.

A Uniontown, Pa., dispatch says 75 men were entombed and probably killed by the explosion in the Braznil mine.

The force of the explosion was so great that the tipple at the head of the shaft was blown over. The Braznil mine is located four miles from Brownsville, on the Redstone railroad. Physicians are on their way to the scene of the disaster.

Word from Braznil by train says only one man has come out of the mine. Men can be heard talking at the bottom of the shaft. The mine boss went down but has not returned, and it is supposed he and the men have been overcome by gas.

There is great excitement. Men from the surrounding mines are flocking to the rescue.

As soon as it was learned that an explosion of such force had occurred, the relatives of the entombed miners crowded around the mouth of the drift. Wives were crying in despair and children weeping for their fathers.

A rescuing party immediately set to work. Volunteers were numerous, and word was sent for the best mining engineers in the district. It is thought that the road will be made into the mines in a few hours. At present there is no idea as to what caused the disaster.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 25.—A special to the Post from Brownsville says:

Sunday the first bodies of the victims were brought out of the mine and never in the history of mine disasters were human beings so horribly mutilated. It was nearly 11 o'clock before the first five bodies were taken out, 28 hours after the explosion. At 5:30 three were brought to the surface, and at 6:30 three more came up in the cage of the main shaft.

At least twelve other bodies are in sight, but cannot be reached on account of the debris.

The estimate of the number of the dead are conflicting. A. B. Braznell, president of the Stockdale Coal Company, said he believed that but 20 to 25 men had been killed. Men who were working around the mine yesterday give different figures. They say 35 to 40 men were down the main shaft in the cages, while about 20 climbed down the steps in the elevator shaft. From 55 to 60 men were in the mine, and of this number but 12 have been recovered alive. All the rest, whatever the number, are dead.

Brownsville, Pa., Dec. 26.—The search for the dead was kept up at the Braznell all night, resulting in the finding of five more bodies, making twenty victims of the explosion. The bodies were so mutilated that they have not been identified.

A thorough search of the mine was made this morning, but no more bodies were found and it is now believed that the number of dead will not be increased. The work of removing the mass of wreckage in the mine began to-day and a careful search was made for more bodies although the company officials feel confident that all the men have been accounted for. They thought, however, that only 36 men were in the mine, but 37 have been accounted for. The work of cleaning the mine to get it ready to resume will take three weeks or a month. The pumps are working all right and the water is fast being pumped out and the fans are forcing plenty of air into the mine.

Inspectors Blick and Loutitt to-day began a thorough investigation of the cause of the accident, and the result will be submitted to the coroner.

Thirteen of the victims of the explosion were buried to-day. The funerals were attended by every man, woman and child in Braznell.

CHILDREN BURNED.

Quincy, Ill., Dec. 23.—While the school children of St. Francis' parochial school, Seventeenth and Vine streets, were rehearsing yesterday afternoon for an entertainment to be given next Tuesday evening, one of their dresses caught fire from a gas jet, and ten minutes later four of them were burned to death. Two died an hour later, and five others died before midnight. Half a dozen others were burned more or less severely.

The dead are: Irena Freiburg, May Wavering, Mary Althoff, Fernandina Freund, Colletta Middendorf, Mary Hickey, Wilhelmina Guttendorf, Oliva Timpe, Addie Butterer, Josephine Rohne and Margaret Warner.

All these are between 9 and 11 years of age. Helen Stoebbing and several other teachers, Father Nicholas and Prof. Frank Mushold were painfully burned in trying to save the children.

The fire started in a little dressing room. Three or four little girls were there, dressing for the rehearsal and laughing gayly among themselves. A dozen others were grouped in the wings of the stage near the foot of the stairs descending from the dressing room. The girls in the dressing room had nearly completed their costumes, when one of them brushed against the gas jet, but which one it was will never be known. A touch of the flame was sufficient, and in an instant her dress and light cloth cap was a blaze. She screamed and ran out of the room, communicating the blaze to the others as she ran.

One of the girls, with her dress in a blaze, jumped out of a small window into the stairs leading to the stage and then down the stairs. The flaming torch she was she almost fell down the stairs and rushed into the groups of children standing in the wings. They were all clad like her, in fancy costumes of cotton, lace and silk, and the fire spread with incredible rapidity from one to the other. There were seventeen children in the cast of the Christmas entertainment, and only a few escaped. It was all over in ten minutes, and in that time four perished, seven were fatally burned and others more or less severely injured.

The children were panic-stricken, and rushed this way and that, screaming with pain. But the agony was brief. Only a few minutes, and then four of them sank to the floor dead. Others fell, too, but they still lived, suffering excruciating agony.

BIG STEEL PLANT.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The Courier says that eastern and western capitalists have purchased, for $700,000, Squaw Island, situated on the Niagara river, just below this city. The island contains 175 acres of land, and on it the purchasers propose establishing immense blast furnaces and malleable steel works, in addition to warehouses, to serve as a distributing station for Minneapolis flour to eastern points, and for export. Several large docks are to be built. The work is to cost in the neighborhood of $10,000,000. New York and Philadelphia moneyed men are said to be the principal backers of the project.

MRS. LOWE HONORED.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 22.—Mrs. William D. Lowe, of Atlanta, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, has received notice of her appointment as honorary president from America of the woman's board of the Paris exposition. Mrs. Lowe has notified Mme. Poquard, leader of the woman's department of the exposition, of her acceptance.

Our Engines in France.

Philadelphia, Dec. 21.—The locomotives built and shipped some months ago by the Baldwin locomotive works for the state railways of France, the first American engines ever run in that country, have, in the short time they have been in service, demonstrated their excellence to the entire satisfaction of the company. Others are to be completed by the early summer, to be used in connection with the Paris exposition.

GEN. WOOD IN CHARGE.

Havana, Dec. 22.—Major General Leonard Wood, formally took charge of the governor general's office at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. His first act was to accept the resignation of the members of the advisory cabinet of General Brooke. These officials, after considering the question over night, had decided to insist upon retiring. Their decision meets with public approval. Almost without exception they had rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to a majority of Cubans. One prominent Cuban general says:

"The only chance General Brooke's secretaries have, if they wish to rehabilitate themselves in the eyes of their countrymen, is to resign and thus, for a time, bring forgetfulness."

The same general, discussing General Brooke's farewell proclamation, said: "The proclamation was ill-advised. Cuba is bound, in the course of time, without Wood and without war, to arrive at a state of comparative comfort. No man has a right to regard himself as the sole cause of such improvements. As a matter of fact, under General Brooke's administration, the military authorities frequently overrode the civil, and there is less civil government now than before. As for the courts, they are the same corrupt organizations and are virtually unchanged in any important particular. All this, in my opinion, most Cubans will attribute to the bad advice given Gen. Brooke by his secretaries."

SATISFACTION IN CUBA.

Havana, Dec. 25.—The events of the last few days has had a great effect on Cuban politics. The ceremonies attending the arrival of General Wood and the departure of General Brooke, taken with the speech of the former and the farewell banquet to the latter, at which the intentions of the United States government were re-stated, have satisfied the Cubans that Cuba will certainly be independent within a reasonable time. More than this, the arrival and public and private utterances of Horatio Rubens, have increased the restful feeling that now apparently exists among all classes. Mr. Rubens has, without doubt, considerable influence. Wherever he goes he is cheered by the people. His room at the hotel is thronged with Cuban officials seeking an interview, and altogether he is regarded somewhat in the light of an oracle.

MARRIED BY TELEGRAPH.

Winchester, Ky., Dec. 23.—By telegraph and while seventeen hundred miles apart two persons were married yesterday. They were Miss Lizzie Hummons, of this city, and Trooper Saal Wheeler, who is at Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

A year ago both lived in Winchester and fell in love. Wheeler's means, however, were small, and he thought to better his condition by enlisting in the United States regular army. But in a way fortune was against him. He had barely enlisted when he was transferred from Kentucky to the desolate llano estacado of New Mexico, and was made a trooper in the Ninth Cavalry and was permanently stationed at Fort Wingate. He corresponded regularly with Miss Hummons, and since promised to go to him and be married. He sent her sufficient money for railway fare, but Joseph Hummons, the father, refused to let her go. Wheeler tried to secure a parole, but could not secure one long enough to enable him to come East and be married. Fortunately the young soldier confided in Chaplain Forster, of the Fort. Then the scheme of using electricity was thought of.

There was no time to lose. The plan was wired to the sweetheart, and Mr. Hummons, the girl's father, approved it. Yesterday morning a through circuit was established over the telegraph company's wires between Fort Wingate, N. M., and Winchester, Ky., 1,700 miles apart, all operators along the line entering into the spirit of the affair and helping all they could.

Promptly at 8 o'clock a. m. the bride-elect, her father, and Rev. S. F. Young went to the telegraph office here, and at the telegraph office at Fort Wingate was the soldier groom, Chaplain Forster, and a Houston, Tex., magistrate. Rev. Young, at Winchester, began to read the service, as did the magistrate at Fort Wingate. As the preacher asked a question it was flashed to the southwest by the operator, likewise the answer which was translated to the magistrate who repeated it to the lad in blue, and then it was communicated back to the young woman. The girl's father gave the bride away, and the ceremony was complete in just fifteen minutes, and the telegraph bill was $26.50, which was paid by the groom. The next few minutes were consumed in congratulations at both ends of a long distance telegraph wire.

Yesterday afternoon the bride, accompanied by her father's blessing and a tidy sum of money, started on her journey to her husband.

KENTUCKY CONTEST.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 20.—Notices of contest have been compiled against Governor Taylor and Lieutenant Governor Marshall, but they will not be delivered until Friday. The delay is said to have been planned in order to prevent taking depositions prior to the meeting of the legislature, the Goebel people preferring to have the whole proceedings conducted by the Contest committee of the legislature instead of in part before the court examiners and later by the Contest committee.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 22.—The delay on the part of Goebel and Beckham in serving notices of contest against Governor Taylor and Lieutenant Governor Marshall leaves the anti-Goebel elements in doubt as to the purpose of the contestants. The time for taking depositions prior to the meeting of the legislature expired yesterday, only four witnesses having given testimony regarding elections in the contested counties. The contest committee, however, have power to send for persons and papers if desired. The anti-Goebel leaders will have an informal conference at Louisville during the holidays to decide whether they will make a fight to organize the two houses of the legislature. They claim to have enough votes to organize the senate, but a majority of the leaders seem to oppose the fusion on organization, preferring not to show their strength until the contests are voted on.

LIVES LOST IN WRECK.

Chicago, Dec. 25.—A special to the Tribune from Norfolk, Va., says:

The British steamship Ariosto, Capt. Baines, bound from Galveston to Hamburg, was wrecked at 4 o'clock Sunday morning, six miles south of Hatteras, N. C., and twenty-one of the crew were drowned. Captain Baines and eight of the crew were saved by the heroic efforts of the Ocracoke life saving crew, under Capt. James Howard.

Those who lost their lives attempted to reach the shore in a small boat, which was swamped shortly after it put off from the ship. Captain Baines and the eight men remained on board and were landed by the life savers in the breeche's buoy, but not until after a struggle which lasted all day.

The Ariosto wreck is the worst on those shores since the German ship Elizabeth went ashore in 1876, when fifty-five people were drowned.

DORMAN B. EATON DEAD.

New York, Dec. 23.—Dorman Bridgman Eaton died to-day at his home in this city, aged 67 years.

Mr. Eaton was noted as a political economist. He was a member of the first civil service commission and was influential in securing the passage of the law under which the board exists and operates.

OFFICIAL ORDER ON LAWTON'S DEATH.

Washington, Dec. 20.—A general order will be issued from the war department to-day announcing the death of General Lawton to the army, officially, and paying a proper tribute to his worth. It is the intention of the officials to have the remains brought to the United States for final interment, but it is not known when this can be done. General Lawton died a poor man, although but few beyond his circle of immediate friends knew of the small pecuniary return that had come to him from his life work in behalf of his country. Therefore, some of these friends have thought proper now to come to the aid of his family, as is shown by the following statement addressed to the American people, issued to-day:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 20.—Major General Henry W. Lawton, United States volunteers, whose death occurred at San Mateo, island of Luzon, on December 19, 1899, has left little but his good name as a legacy to his wife and children. A piece of property purchased by him as a home in California has a mortgage of half the purchase price still outstanding and unliquidated. The undersigned have voluntarily associated themselves together for the purpose of raising funds to pay off the indebtedness. Contriubtions will be thankfully received by them, and be devoted to the object hereinabove set forth.

The aid of the newspapers of the country is requested.

Contributions will be received by any one of the following:

H. C. CORBIN,
Adjutant General, Washington, D. C.
JOHN F. WESTON,
Acting Commissary General, Washington
WILLIAM LUDLOW,
Brigadier General, Havana, Cuba.
WILLIAM R. SHAFTER,
Major General, San Francisco, Cal.

THE PRESIDENT'S DISPATCH.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The President to-day sent the following cablegram to General Otis:

Executive Mansion, Dec. 20, 1899.—Major General Otis, Manila: I have learned with inexpressible sorrow of the death of Major General Lawton, and ask to share with the officers and men of the Eighth corps in their grief. One of the most gallant officers of the army has fallen. At the time the sad news came to us, his nomination as brigadier general of the regular army was already made for transmission to the senate, but no rank can enhance his fame. He rose from the ranks of the Ninth Indiana Volunteer infantry, filling every grade in the service, to that of major general of volunteers, and in three wars was conspicuous for bravery and devotion to duty. The country mourns the death of this intrepid leader. Convey to Mrs. Lawton my heartfelt sympathy in her overshadowing affliction.

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

Representative Boutelle Ill.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 22.—Congressman Charles A. Boutelle was resting very comfortably at Young's hotel to-day, where he was stricken with congestion of the brain yesterday afternoon. The physician in attendance announced that there was a great change in the patient's condition, and recovery would be rapid.

SLID INTO THE SEA.

Rome, Dec. 22.—A terrible disaster took place yesterday afternoon at Amalfi, the popular tourist resort on the gulf of Salerno. About 2 o'clock an enormous rock, upon which stood the Cappuccini hotel, slid bodily into the sea with a deafening roar and without a moment's warning, carrying with it the hotel, the old Capuchin monastery below, the Hotel Santa Caterina and several villas. Many people were buried in the debris, which crushed four vessels to the bottom of the sea, destroying their crews. The mass of earth which slipped was about 50,000 cubic yards.

The population was in a state of terror, fearing fresh calamities.

HOAR IS "AUNTY" LEADER.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, to-day introduced the following resolution in the senate:

"Whereas, The American people and the several states in the Union have in times past, at important periods in their history, especially when declaring their independence, establishing their constitutions or undertaking new and great responsibilities, seen fit to declare the purposes for which the nation or state was founded, and the important objects, the people intend to pursue in their political action, and,

"Whereas, The close of a great war, the liberation by the United States of the people of Cuba and Porto Rico in the western hemisphere, and of the Philippine islands in the far east, and the reduction of those peoples to a condition of practical dependence upon the United States constitute an occasion which makes such a declaration proper; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this republic adheres to the doctrines which were in the past set forth in the Declaration of Independence and in its national and state constitutions:

"That the purpose of its existence and the objects to which its political action ought to be directed are the ennobling of humanity, the raising from the dust its humblest and coarsest members, and the enabling of persons coming lawfully under its power or influence to live in freedom and in honor, under governments whose forms they are to have a share in determining and in whose administration they have an equal share. Its most important and pressing obligations are:

"1. To solve the difficult problem presented by the presence of different races on our soil with equal constitutional rights. To make the negro safe in his home, secure in his vote, equal in his opportunity for education and employment, and to bring the Indian to a civilization in accordance with his need and capacity.

"2. To enable great cities to govern themselves in freedom, in honor and in purity.

"3. To make the ballot box as pure as a sacramental vessel and the election return as perfectly in accord with the law and the truth as the judgment of the supreme court.

"4. To banish illiteracy and ignorance from the land.

"5. To secure for every workman and for every working woman wages enough to support a life of comfort and an old age of leisure and quiet, as befits those who have an equal share in a self governing state.

"6. To grow and expand, over the continent and over the islands of the sea, just so fast and no faster as we can bring into equality and self government, under our constitution, peoples and races who will share these ideals and help to make them realities.

"7. To set a peaceful example of freedom which mankind will be glad to follow, but never to force even freedom upon unwilling nations at the point of the bayonet or at teh cannon's mouth.

"8. To abstain from interfering with the freedom and just rights of other nations or peoples, and to remember that the liberty to do right necessarily involves the liberty to do wrong; and that the American people has no right to take from any other people the birthright of freedom because of a fear that they will do a wrong with it."

The resolution, at Mr. Hoar's request, was left on the table.

The matter was referred to the committee on relations with Cuba.

Treaty Report.

The senate committee on foreign relations to-day authorized a favorable report upon the two treaties negotiated with Great Britain and Germany for the dissolution of the tripartite agreement for control of the Samoan islands. Senator Bacon, one of the new Democratic members of the committee, was the only opponent of the treaty and he did not seek to delay the reporting of it to the senate. His opposition was directed toward the acquisition by this country of the island of Tutuila, and his opposition to that was based upon the contention that the consent of the islanders should be first secured. He was met on this proposition with the statement that the natives were nothing more than wandering tribes, and with the argument that the United States could not afford to forego the opportunity to secure complete control of Pago Pago harbor, which this treaty furnishes.

At 2:30 p. m. the senate adjourned till January 3, 1900.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Secretary Long has addressed letters to Senator Hale and Representative Boutelle, who look after naval legislation in the senate and house, relative to the plan of refitting the historic old craft Constitution, as a naval training ship. The Massachusetts state society of the Daughters of 1812 propose to pay for the refitting through popular subscription, and Secretary Long refers to this as a worthy purpose inspired by patriotic impulse. At the request of Mr. Hale, the secretary has drafted a bill to cover the plan, providing: "That the secretary of the navy is hereby authorized to cause the United State frigate Constitution to be repaired at the navy yard, Boston, and restored to a serviceable condition, in order that she may be again placed in commission, and used as a training ship or otherwise, the expenses of such repairs and restoration to be paid from funds to be raised by popular subscription under the auspices of the Massachusetts State Society, U. S. Daughters of 1812. Provided, that such repairs and restoration shall be made under the supervision and control of the navy department, and shall not be undertaken until an amount sufficient to defray the cost thereof shall have been subscribed, and guaranteed by the said society."

THAT FLOUR SEIZED.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The State department has received from the Pennsylvania Milling company, of New York, a statement of the facts touching the seizure of two cargoes of flour belonging to that concern bound for Portuguese ports in East Africa. The seizures were made by British warships on the ground that the flour was intended for the Boers. The company's letter is a presentation of the case without protest and is evidently intended to serve as a basis of a claim for pecuniary damages against the British government. Following the established usage the State department has set about the ascertainment of the facts and to that end has called upon the acting United States consul at Lourenzo Marques to make an investigation. Also Ambassador Choate has been furnished with a copy of the statement made by the milling company and it is not doubted that if the facts are as represented in the company's statement and the goods were really seized when under consignment from one neutral port to another neutral port, prompt reparation will be made.

Contested Seats.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Elections committee number one of the house held its first meeting to-day and arranged to begin the consideration of contested election cases soon after the holidays. The case of Wm. F. Aldrich, contestant vs. Gaston A. Robbins, fourth Alabama district, was set for hearing January 8; the case of Walter Evans, contestant vs. Oscar Turner, fifth Kentucky district, was set for January 11. Later the committee will fix times for hearing the other contests of which there are eight pending.

Pension for Mrs. Lawton.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Senator Fairbanks to-day introduced a bill granting a pension of $2,000 a year to the widow of General Lawton.

Representative Landis, of Indiana, introduced a similar bill in the House. Mr. Landis represents the district from which Lawton's first regiment was recruited.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE CONVENTION CALL.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 21.—The following call for the next Republican National convention was issued last night:

"Headquarters Republican National Committee, Northwest Corner 14th and G streets, Washington, D. C.—To the Republican electors of the United States: In accordance with established custom and in obedience to instructions of the national convention of 1896, the National Republican committee directs that a national convention of delegated representatives of the Republican party be held at the city of Philadelphia, in the state of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and vice president, to be voted for at the Presidential election, Tuesday, November 6, 1900, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it, and that said convention shall assemble at 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, the 19th day of June, 1900.

"The Republican electors of the several states, the District of Columbia, the territories and all other electors without regard to past political affiliations, who believe in the principles of the Republican party and endorse its policies, are cordially invited to assemble under this call for the selection of candidates for President and vice president.

"Said convention shall consist of a number of delegates at large from each state, equal to double the number of United States senators to which each state is entitled, and from each representative at large in congress two delegates at large; from each congressional district and the District of Columbia two delegates; from each of the territories of Alaska, Arizona, Indian territory, New Mexico and Oklahoma two delegates.

"For each delegate elected to said convention an alternate delegate shall be elected to act in case of absence of the delegate, said alternate delegate to be elected at the time and in the manner of electing the delegates.

"All delegates shall be elected not less than 30 days before the meeting of the national convention. Delegates at large shall be elected by popular state and territorial conventions, of which at least 30 days notice shall have been published in some newspaper or newspapers of general circulation in the respective states and territories.

"The congressional district delegates shall be elected by conventions called by the congressional committee of each district, in the manner of nominating the candidate for representative in congress in said district provided, that in any congressional district where there is no Republican congressional committee, the Republican state committee shall appoint from among the Republicans resident in such district, a committee for the purpose of calling a district convention to elect delegates to represent said district.

"The election of delegates from the District of Columbia shall be held under the direction and supervision of an election board composed of Hon. John B. Cotton, Mr. W. C. Chase and Mr. L. M. Saunders.

"Such board will have authority to fix the date for such election and to arrange all details and regulations incident thereto, and shall provide for a registration of the votes as cast, such registration to include the name and residence of each voter.

"The territorial delegates shall be elected in the manner of nominating candidates for delegates in congress, and delegates from the Indian territory and Alaska shall be elected by popular convention.

"We recommend that the territories of Arizona, Indian territory and New Mexico, each elect six delegates and six alternate delegates, and that Alaska elect four delegates and four alternate delegates, and the admission of such additional delegates to the convention is hereby recommended.

"All notices of contest shall be submitted in writing, accompanied by a printed statement setting forth the grounds of contest, which shall be filed with the secretary of the national committee 20 days prior to the meeting of the national convention. Contests will be acted on by the national convention in the order of the date of the filing of notice and statement with the secretary.

"M. A. HANNA,
"Chairman.

"CHARLES DICK,
"Secretary."

AFFAIRS IN SAMOA.

Washington, Dec. 21.—The following statement is made by the official German authorities here:

"A press telegram of the 13th instant from Apia, via Auckland, reports that the German consul in Apia has solemnly proclaimed the pending annexation of Upolu and Savaii by Germany to a number of Samoan chiefs on board the German man-of-war and that on the same day he hoisted the German flag on the Supreme court.

"This report does not cover the reports received in Berlin from the German consul in Apia and, according to the instructions which he has received from Berlin, it seems absolutely untrue.

"The German consul has likewise wired on the 13th instant, but he simply states that certain Tanu chiefs have refused to pay the head tax imposed by the three consuls, hence they had been ordered to leave the district by the thirteen chiefs. The three consuls have instructed the thirteen chiefs to send the aggressors to Apia for trial. This has been agreed upon."

The State department has had no message from our consul at Apia to confirm the reports of fresh trouble in Samoa and this fact is regarded as sufficient to show that any slight disturbance that may have occurred has been very much exaggerated in this report. The officials are confident that whatever trouble may occur will not be chargeable to the German officials, as the German government is quite as anxious as our own that the pending treaty providing for a permanent settlement of the whole Samoan question shall not be endangered at this critical stage.

NO MORE INDIAN SHOWS.

Washington, Dec. 22.—A new departure in the policy of the department of the interior is emphasized by unequivocal refusals which have met all recent requests for loans of Indians for exhibition purposes, and Secretary Hitchcock and Commissioner of Indian Affairs Jones have determined to stop the abuses of the privilege, and have so stated in a number of communications lately. Mr. Jones said to-day:

"There will be no more Indians permitted to leave their reservations for Wild West exhibition purposes. They cannot secure the consent of the Indian bureau for their exhibition, save it be along the lines of showing the progress in Indian education. The day of the department's permitting Indians to be let for Wild West shows and such affairs is past. It demoralizes the Indians, many of whom would dress in citizens' clothes and otherwise conform to more civilized ways but for the dollars and cents there is in continuing in their old customs."

Fire in a Convent.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22.—The old building and the dormitory of the Georgetown convent were destroyed by fire today. How the fire originated has not been discovered. All the inmates and employes escaped. Loss, $10,000.

SENATE FINANCE BILL.

New York, Dec. 26.—A special to the Herald from Washington says: Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, who will have charge of the Republican currency bill in the senate, will try to put it through that body without amendment. Republicans who may favor changes in the bill are expected to abstain from offering amendments and bring the matters they think should be changed to the attention of the finance committee. In this way much time will be saved, and the Republicans will be ready to present at all times a united front to the opposition. The leaders believe they can carry out their program. Once the bill is in conference, the Republican conferees from the two houses can get together and draft the final compromise measure, which will be agreed to by both houses, and will become a law.

HEROES OF THE MAINE.

Washington, Dec. 26.—The remains of the dead of the cruiser Maine will be interred at Arlington cemetery Thursday, at 11 o'clock, in the presence of President McKinley, most of the members of his cabinet and a large contingent of army and navy officers and others. The funeral rites over the dead will be performed by Chaplain Chidwick, who was attached to the cruiser when she was blown up in Havana bay. The chaplain of the naval academy will assist him.

A pretty grassy knoll, where the Santiago dead rest has been selected as the final abiding place of the remains of the dead seamen. Relatives and friends have claimed 22 of the bodies and will give them private interment, under an arrangement with the navy department, which has taken charge of the burial of all the bodies either unidentified or unclaimed.

SPANISH WAR CLAIMS.

Washington, Dec. 23. — Governor Stunenberg and Representative Wilson, of Idaho, and Representative Hull of Iowa, chairman of the house committee on military affairs, had a conference with the President to-day as to the reimbursement of states which had paid the expenses of rejected volunteers for the Spanish war. Many volunteers journeyed to the rendezvous in the states and home again after being rejected for various reasons by the medical examining boards. Their transportation and subsistence were paid by the state, and it is for these amounts Governor Stunenberg holds the United States ought to reimburse the states. It is likely a bill covering the question will be introduced in congress.

THE LAWTON FUND.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22.—Adjutant General Corbin to-day deposited checks and cash amounting to $2,443, representing contributions received by him for the benefit of the widow and children of Major General Lawton. The total contributions to this fund to date amount to $4,534, including $1,000 promised by the citizens of Milwaukee. General Corbin and his associates are satisfied that the main object of the fund, which is to raise the mortgage from the family estate at Redlands, Cal., and provide for the future of the family, will be accomplished. He was notified by the Western Union Telegraph company and by the Postal Telegraph company that they will carry free all telegraphic matter relating to the Lawton fund.

STATUE OF WEBSTER.

Washington, Dec. 22.—The joint committee of Senators, Representatives and citizens of the District appointed to make arrangements for the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster, presented to the government by Stilson Hutchins, met to-day and presented the plans. The exercises will be held at the Lafayette opera house, January 18. Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, will preside and Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, will deliver the address. President McKinley will accept the gift on behalf of the United States. After the exercises at the theatre the committee and the invited guests will drive to Scott Circle where the statue will be unveiled.

Olympia's Repairs.

Washington, Dec. 21.—It will probably cost half a million dollars, at least, to repair the Olympia at the Boston navy yard. The board of survey has reported that the construction work alone will cost $350,000, and it is not doubted that the repair of the engines and boilers will make up the balance of half a million. Three months is the time estimated as necessary to complete the work.

PINNACLE ROCK TUMBLES.

Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Dec. 26.—The celebrated pinnacle rock which overhung Cumberland Gap and was a noted natural spectacle, fell from its lofty height to-day. The town was awakened as if by an earthquake, as the immense mass, weighing hundreds of tons, came tumbling down. The course of the rock was from the town, and no lives have been reported lost, although considerable property was destroyed.

MILES ON BOER WAR.

Philadelphia, Dec. 22.—Major General Nelson A. Miles, Captain Wheeler, Captain Leevis and Judge Outwaile, of the United States ordnance board, who arrived here yesterday to witness a test of a new smokeless powder, went to Meadville, Pa., to examine 50 new wire wound guns. Before leaving, General Miles, in expressing his opinion regarding the South African war, said to a reporter:

"The struggle between the British and Boers is a very serious war. There have been some severe losses, and I believe there will be more serious encounters before it is ended. As to the probable results, I, of course, cannot predict. If the British are defeated, is it likely to involve Europe in serious complications? It might and it might not.

"As to the tactics of the contending armies, both seem to be pursuing what is termed 'open-order methods.' It is a mistake to compare the tactics of the Boers to those of our Indians. Their tactics are the white man's tactics.

"The outcome, of course, depends upon the skill of the commanders, as it does in every war. The Boers have been preparing for it for the last ten years. In view of the circumstances, I do not think their showing so far is in the nature of a surprise.

"They have had no difficulty in procuring ammunition. The people in the Transvaal are accustomed to using powder in mining operations; they know how to manufacture cartridges; besides, they had plenty of money to buy necessary war materials beforehand and store them away for use when needed.

"To succeed in war is to get ready before you commence hostilities."

Zinc Plant Destroyed.

Iola, Kas., Dec. 21.—Fire which started in the north end of the kiln room today destroyed $250,000 worth of property belonging to the Lanyon Zinc company, at Lanyonville, five miles east of Iola. The 200-foot metal lined smokestack fell, killing two men working on the roof.

REV. D. L. MOODY DEAD.

East Northfield, Mass., Dec. 22.—D. L. Moody, the famous evangelist, died at noon to-day.

The evangelist broke down in Kansas City, Mo., where he was holding services about a month ago, and the seriousness of his condition was so apparent to the physicians who were called to attend him that they forced him to abandon his tour and return to his home with all possible speed. After he reached Northfield eminent physicians were consulted and everything was done to prolong life. A bulletin issued last week communicated the tidings to the public that Mr. Moody was very ill, but that a little improvement was noticed. This week the patient showed a steady gain until yesterday, when he showed symptoms or nervousness, accompanied by weakness which caused the family much anxiety.

This morning the weakness continued, and at 8 o'clock Mr. Moody called his wife and children, telling them that the end was not far off. The family remained close by the bedside all the forenoon. The evangelist was almost free from pain and occasionally he talked with apparent ease. About the last words he was heard to utter were: "I have always been an ambitious man, not to lay up wealth, but to find work to do."

Just before 12 o'clock the watchers saw that the end was approaching, and at exactly noon the great preacher passed away.

His Life Work.

Mr. Moody was born in Northfield, February 5, 1837. He received a limited education and worked on a farm until he was 17 years of age. He then became a clerk in a Boston shoe store. Uniting with the Congregational church in 1856, he soon afterward went to Chicago, where he engaged with enthusiasm in missionary work among the poor, and in less than a year established a Sunday school with more than a thousand pupils. During the Civil war he was employed in the Christian commission, and subsequently by the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago as a lay missionary.

A church was built for his converts and he became its ordained pastor. In the great fire of 1871 the church and Mr. Moody's house and furniture were destroyed, but a new and much larger church was soon after erected. In 1873, accompanied by Ira D. Sankey, he visited Europe and instituted a series of week day religious services in England, Scotland and Ireland, which resulted in great religious awakening in those countries. The evangelists returned in 1875 and organized similar meetings in various parts of this country. From that time until Mr. Moody's health failed one month ago, he has been the most celebrated evangelist of the English-speaking world. He was the author of a number of religious books.

New York, Dec. 23.—Ira D. Sankey, who for 27 years was associated in evangelistic work with Mr. Moody, was greatly affected at the news of his death. To a reporter Mr. Sankey told of his work with Mr. Moody from the time they first met, of their tour through England in 1873 and of their preaching and singing in the United States.

"You may say," said Mr. Sankey, "that in the death of Mr. Moody the world has lost one of the greatest and noblest men of the age. I have labored with him for the last 27 years, traveling with him by land and sea, and a nobler, braver and wiser soul I never knew. I can apply Prof. Henry Drummond's remark of a friend: 'D. L. Moody was the greatest human I ever met.'"

Moody's Funeral.

East Northfield, Mass., Dec. 26.—The funeral services over the remains of Dwight L. Moody were held at the Congregational church here to-day before a very large audience. Men, who for many years have been connected with Mr. Moody's work, took part. Rev. C. I. Scofield, D. D., officiated, assisted by Rev. A. Torrey, of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. There were services at the late residence of Mr. Moody early in the day, only relatives and close friends being present. Dr. Scofield read the Scriptures and Mr. Torrey offered prayer.

When the family had withdrawn, the corpse, which had been permitted to remain upon a leather couch, was placed in the casket, which was of simple design, black-covered and open at full length. The body was borne to the church on an oblong, black-covered bier by about forty students from the Northfield Institute.

An invocation was followed by the Scripture lesson read by Rev. A. T. Pierson, of Brooklyn.

The eulogy was delivered by the Rev. C. I. Schofield, who said of the dead evangelist:

"We are met, dear friends, not to mourn a defeat, but to celebrate a triumph. He walked with God and he was not, for God took him. There in the west, in the presence of great audiences of 12,000 of his fellow men, God spoke to him to lay it all down and come home. He would have planned it so. This is not the place nor am I the man to present a study of the life and character of Dwight L. Moody. No one will ever question that we are to-day laying in the kindly bosom of the earth the mortal body of a great man.

"Whether we measure greatness by character, by qualities of intellect, or by things done, Dwight L. Moody must be accounted great.

"The basis of Mr. Moody's character was sincerity, genuineness. He had an inveterate aversion to all forms of sham, unreality and pretense. Most of all did he detest religious pretense, cant.

"Along with this fundamental quality Mr. Moody cherished a great love of righteousness. His first question concerning any proposed action was 'Is it right?' but the two qualities necessarily at the bottom of all noble characters were in him suffused and transfigured by divine grace. Besides all this, Mr. Moody was in a wonderful degree brave, magnanimous and unselfish. Doubtless this unlettered New England country boy became what he was by the grace of God."

The Rev. Mr. Torrey followed Dr. Scofield. Following Mr. Torrey, remarks were made by the Rev. H. G. Weston, of Crozier theological seminary, Chester, Pa.; the Rev. A. T. Pierson, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bishop Mallalieu, of Boston, and Rev. J. W. Chapman, of New York.

The body was then carried to the burial place at Round Top. The chorus sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and after prayer and a benediction the body was lowered to its resting place.

1 CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

RHEUMATISM.

April 10, 1897.

Dr. Radway & Co.: I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for more than six months. I could not raise my hands to my head or put my hands behind me, or even take off my own shirt. Before I had finished three-fourths of a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief I could use my arms as well as ever. You can see why I have such great faith in your Ready Relief. Yours truly, W. C. BAKER, Engineer at A. Montelone's boot and shoe factory, 529 Julia street, New Orleans, La.

Radway's Ready Relief

For the Cure of Pain, Congestion and Inflammations. Price 50 cts. a bottle. All Druggists.

TO INVADE CANADA?

Washington, Dec. 26.—An evening paper contains a sensational dispatch from New York, which states, on good authority, that a plan is on foot among the members of a number of Holland and Hibernian societies to organize raids on the Dominion of Canada, similar to the Fenian raids which startled the country in 1865-66.

This plan, as the story goes, was first suggested by avowed Boer sympathizers in Washington, and word has been passed along to other cities. It is asserted that agents have been obtained in Pittsburg, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis and several other large cities, to organize restless daring spirits for the purpose of making a dash on the Canadian border. The men behind the movement are also said to have opened up a correspondence with some of the avowed annexationists in Canada, and the results have been startling.

Briefly stated, the alleged plans of the promoters of the raids are for the organization of four armies of invasion from the United States.

The first of these armies, in size and importance, the one upon which the hopes of those interested will be centered is that now said to be organizing in Chicago, Minnesota and the Dakotas. In addition to the men from the cities, it is expected to enroll a large number of the cowboys and adventurous young men from the farms from the prairie states. It is believed that an army of invasion, moving north to Winnipeg through the valley of the Red River of the North, unprotected as it is by strong fortifications, will, now that the Canadian troops have been dispatched to the Transvaal, meet with little or no opposition. It is also anticipated that half the people of Manitoba will unite with the army as soon as the Canadian border is reached.

Even if opposition is encountered in the shape of a few British regulars remaining in Canada, it is figured that, man for man, the cowboys of the West, the adventurers of the Western cities and several companies of miners from the Rocky mountain region can whip their weight in wildcats in a country with which they are thoroughly familiar.

The second army, it is expected, will be organized in Ohio or Michigan, crossing the Detroit river or the St. Clair river quietly and with the ostensible program of hunting in the Georgian Bay country. As soon as the rivers are crossed, however, these men, it is asserted, will be met by sympathizers on the Canadian side of the line and the standard of revolt is to be set up in the cities and towns of the province of Ontario.

In a similar fashion Quebec is to be menaced from northern New York and northern Maine—the men being dispatched to these regions disguised as hunters and backwoodsmen. The northern New York movement will constitute the third body, the northern Maine will comprise the fourth company.

It is said that the plans do not contemplate attacks on strongly fortified cities like Halifax, Quebec or the Esquimbault fortifications on the western shore of British Columbia, but it is figured that so much impetus can be given to the raids in the rural regions that the movement will soon spread to the cities and towns.

What gives this alleged movement the appearance of genuineness is the fact that large sums of money are being raised in New York by the local Holland society and men lake Judge A. A. Van Wyck, late Democratic candidate for governor of New York, and brother of the mayor of Greater New York; Robert B. Roosevelt, a relative of Governor Roosevelt and one of the wealthiest citizens in the town.

It is not charged that these men have any knowledge of the warlike preparations of the secret agents of the pro-Boer organizations. Indications, however, point to the conclusion that some great danger is impending. They have caused to be promulgated an order that all merchant vessels entering Esquimaut harbor, where there is a navy yard, shall first submit to inspection before going to the wharf.

This dispatch concludes with some gossip about future agitation of the Boer cause in and around New York.

GEN. LAWTON'S SON.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 26.—A Washington dispatch to the Journal says:

Manley Lawton, the 12-year-old son of Gen. Lawton, is serving as a captain under Gen. Grant in the Philippines. Young Lawton received his first appointment last July when he was made an "honorary" lieutenant, and given a uniform of that rank.

Young Lawton has been under fire with his father in the expeditions which Gen. Lawton commanded against the Tagalos rebels. In the battle of Gapote river, which Gen. Lawton, himself, said was the hottest fire he had ever been under, his little son was by his side, and observed the same coolness as his father. A bullet struck the sand squarely between his feet and threw up the dust. Capt. Manley looked down and exclaimed with a twinkle in his eye:

"Papa, that was a hoptoad."

Prof. Dean C. Worsteer, who was Gen. Lawton's warmest friend, related the service which young Lawton has seen, to a reporter:

"On the morning of the Gapote river battle Gen. Lawton started out with 200 men and his boy Manley. He forded the river at its mouth on the sandbar and came up behind the insurgent trenches. Before he got to his destination, however, he was discovered, and when just 138 yards from the trenches two Filipino regiments were thrown out against him.

"Gen. Lawton and his 200 men stood out in the open and faced this superior force which was protected, and after one of the hottest engagements—in fact it was the most terrific battle that had been fought in the islands up to that time—he compelled the insurgents to send for reinforcements twice, and eventually made them evacuate their trenches.

"Young Lawton afterwards went down to Bacoor, and at Las Pinas Gen. Grant promoted him to a captaincy. He was given a desk in the general's tent, and there he performs such duties as a boy of his age can. It was his father's wish to make a military man of his son, and he encouraged every effort in this direction.

"Little Manley is a slim boy. He is evidently destined to be a big man. He is at present rather loose-jointed and he is growing rapidly. His disposition is quiet, but he has the coolness and fearlessness of his father."

Gen. Corbin, when asked if "Captain" Manley Lawton had received his appointment, said that he had not. The War department knew nothing of his appointment officially. It is simply an honorary position, and the little officer has not been placed on the rolls of the army.

CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 26.—At 4:25 yesterday morning a severe earthquake shock was felt over a large portion of southern california, the undulations lasting about twelve seconds. The entire center of the shock appeared to have been at San Jacinto, a small town in Riverside county. The business portion of San Jacinto consists of three blocks of two-story buildings, some of which are built of brick. Ten or fifteen buildings were damaged, chimneys being toppled over, and walls cracked and shaken. The total damage at San Jacinto and Hemet, a small town near by, is estimated at $50,000. The large tourist hotel at Hemet was damaged and the hospital at San Jacinto also suffered. The rear wall of the Johnson block at Hemet fell. The only loss of life so far as known, was at the Saboba Indian reservation, where six squaws were killed by falling walls. A number of the Indians were seriously injured. The shock was heavy at Santa Anantheim, San Bernardino, Riverside, and other places, but no particular damage is reported except from San Jacinto and Hemet.

In this city no damage was done, though the shock was particularly violent. The houses here are well filled with Eastern tourists, and they were in many instances terrified at the unexpected disturbances and rushed from their rooms in affright.

Wild reports concerning the earthquake soon spread, and the telegraph and telephone wires between this city and adjoining towns were kept busy handling inquiry messages. It was reported that several lives were lost in the collapse of the hotel at Hemet, and another rumor that six Indians had been killed at the same place, but fortunately there was no truth in these rumors of the loss of life.

PUERTO RICAN RELIEF.

Washington, Dec. 26.—The war department has made public a statement showing the progress made in relief work in the island of Porto Rico between September 30 and November 30. The population of the island is estimated at 918,926. The average daily indigent was 221,087 persons; average weekly sick, 17,372, and the average weekly deaths 632 persons. The annual death rate was 33 per 1,000 inhabitants, while the normal rate of deaths was 26 per 1,000 inhabitants. The increased mortality was confined to the mountain districts, where in some localities the death rate increased 300 per cent. The amount of cash received for the relief of the suffering people of the island up to November 30 was $15,224. The amount of money disbursed up to the date mentioned was $7,147.

Up to November 30 the total amount of food received to relieve the sufferers was 17,162,785 pounds. Of this amount 16,-754,810 pounds had been issued up to November 30. The amount of unissued food on hand at San Juan November 30 was 614,272 pounds.

ANOTHER PONCE DE LEON.

New York, Dec. 20.—Nestor Ponce de Leon, a lineal descendant of Ponce de Leon, discoverer of Florida, died in Havana Monday aged 63 years. Mr. De Leon was the author of several works in the Spanish language and also a Spanish-English technological dictionary.

Governor General Brooke, several months ago, appointed Mr. De Leon custodian of the archives of Havana and director of the museum of natural history there.

Arbitration Talked Of.

Paris, Dec. 23.—The French foreign office denies the statement of the Paris correspondent of the Daily Mail, of London, that Dr. Leydes, the European representative of the Boers has asked the services of M. Delcusse, the minister of foreign affairs, in the cause of peace.

Markets and Crops.

WEEKLY TRADE RFPORT.

New York, Dec. 23.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

The worst day in Wall street for years was in part the legitimate result of the best year in business ever known. Because the country had prospered so greatly, and had so expended its business, it could no longer afford to have many millions locked up in carrying stocks representing imaginary values. The question was not one of monetary supply. When the country found use for its capital in regular trade and productive industry, a contraction of loans became necessary, which would only have been more painful if the volume of stocks carried had been larger.

Reckoning from the highest general average last spring, industrial stocks had fallen at the close on Monday 23.27 per cent; street railway stocks, 38.90 per cent, and other railroad and telegraph stocks only 6.78 per cent.

The business of the country close to the holidays is necessarily smaller than it has been, and yet larger than at the same date in any other year. Exchanges through principal clearing houses for the week have been 33.7 per cent larger than last year, and 50.4 per cent larger than in 1892, including 32.1 per cent gain in payments outside New York.

There is not even a suspicion of unsoundness in any considerable branch of industry or trade, the extraordinary expansion in some being as well warranted as the material gain in others.

Cotton suffered from speculation for a day with stocks, but the great decrease in receipts from arms since September, over 1,500,000 bales, gives strong support to prices, as does the increase of 200,000 bales in takings by spinners. The demand for goods is quiet, the price holds steady.

Wool sales have dropped sharply, but prices do not change, and the opening of heavy-weight goods retards at present purchases for mills.

High prices for iron are wonderfully sustained, and though many works will close for stock taking, and the holidays while the furnaces do not stop, shows no weakness. Prices on finished products change little, though more concerns have reached the point of competing for new orders, and there is some weakness in sheets. Because many tin plate mills are to be closed soon at the East, in plates not of the largest size competition is sharp, but in bars the demand is somewhat improved, and the structural works have continued their combination for another year without change in prices.

Wheat has fallen both in foreign demand and in prices, in spite of still greater loss in western receipts, for the week only 3,306,286 bushels against 7,340,170 last year. Atlantic exports, flour included, have been in three weeks only 6,804,433 bushels, against 15,415,368 bushels last year. Corn exports are still well maintained, for the week, 3,729,179 bushels, against 3,824,856 last year, though western receipts have fallen off, being only 9,404,806 bushels in three weeks against 13,470,867 last year.

Failures for the week have been 220 in the United States against 278 last year, and 26 in Canada against 31 last year.

Australian Wheat.

Melbourne, Australia, Dec. 21.—The Argus, of this city, publishes a forecast of the wheat harvest of this colony, in which it says that the average yield is 9.37 bushels per acre, and that the exportable surplus is 13,000,000 bushels.

In 1898, the produce of wheat per acre in Victoria was 6.38 bushels; in 1897, 4.49 bushels; in 1896, 4.01 bushels; in 1895, 8.58 bushels, and in 1894, 10.38 bushels.

Condition of the Grain Trade at the Close To-Day.

December wheat ¼c up; May, ¼c off, and July ¼c decline in the outside markets compared with Friday and Saturday. Trade was unusually dull. There were no Liverpool markets. Paris was about 1c up. Active trade is not anticipated until after the new year begins. One million agriculturalists are being fed by the government in India. This report tended toward strength in the beginning, but concluding sales were weak.

The receipts in the Northwest were 1,500 cars, against 2,198 last year. There was no feature to stimulate the markets in a way that prices would hold.

Prices of wheat to-day:

May—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Toledo	69½	69½	69¼	69¼
Chicago	69¼	69¼	69¼	69¼
New York	75¼	75¼-¾	74⅝	74⅞
St. Louis	71⅝	71⅝-¾	70¾	70¾
Minneapolis	68¾	68¾	68¼	68⅛
Duluth	68⅝	68⅝	68⅛	68⅛

At Chicago, December wheat opened at 65¾c and closed at 65¾c; July, 70½c open and high, and 69⅝c low and close. At New York, July wheat opened at 74⅝c asked, rose to 74⅞c bid, and closed at 74⅞c asked. At St. Louis, July wheat opened at 69⅜c asked, and closed at 68⅝@68¾c.

Corn was about unchanged. Prices opened firm, but eased with wheat. At Chicago December corn opened at 30½c; high, 30¾c; low, 30⅜c; close, 30½c; January, 30¼c; high, 30⅜c; low and close, 30¼c; May, 33c; high, 33¼c; low, 32⅝c; close, 32¾c. At New York May corn opened at 38⅞c, rose to 39¼c bid, and closed at 39¼c asked.

Puts on May wheat at Chicago, 68⅜; at 1.30, 68; calls, 69¾c, sellers. Puts on May corn, 33 sellers; calls, 33 sellers.

Telegram from Lamson Bros.: The world's wheat shipments this week, American, 2,813,000; Russia, 540,000; Danube, 288,000; Argentine, 1,024,000; India, none; Australia, none; total, 4,517,000, against 5,163,000 previous week and 7,035,000 last year. World's corn shipments, American, 4,510,000; Russia, 152,000; Danube, 256,000; Argentine, 320,000; total, 4,884,000, against 4,865,000 previous week and 6,380,000 last year.

The visible shows: Wheat, increase, 1,725,000 bushels; corn, increase, 776,000; oats, decrease, 91,000.

Oats at Chicago for December, 22¾c; May, 23⅞c open and high; 23⅜c low, and 23¾c close.

Pork for January at Chicago, $10.05 open and high, and $10.02 low and close; May, $10.42 open and high, and $10.35 low and close.

Lard at Chicago for January, $5.47; May, $5.75 open and high, and $5.67 low and close.

Paris wheat and flour, 20c higher.

Primary receipts of wheat, 1,816,207 bushels, same time last year, 2,764,000. Shipments, 164,836 bushels; same time last year, 491,000. Receipts of corn, 635,248 bushels; same time last year, 1,659,000. Shipments, 378,201 bushels; same time last year, 385,000. Receipts in some instances for two or three days:

Total clearances wheat and flour, 465,000 bushels; corn, 610,000.

Visible supply of grain in U. S. and Canada on dates named:

	Dec. 23.	Dec. 16.
Wheat	58,818,000	57,093,000
Corn	12,241,000	11,585,000
Oats	5,473,000	5,582,000
Rye		1,422,000

The Close at Toledo--Wheat Weak.

Cash and December wheat unchanged; May ¼c off, and July ½c decline at the Toledo Produce Exchange, compared with Saturday. Trade dull, and prices weak.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 69¾c; May, 73¼c, and December wheat, 69¾c; May, 73¼c, and close, 73¼c; July, 73½c; close, 72⅝c.

Corn Dull, Steady.

Corn was dull, with steady prices ruling. No. 2 mixed corn, 32c; No. 3, 31½c; No. 3 yelow, 32c; No. 3 white, 32½c; No. 2 mixed December wheat, 32½; May, 33¾c.

Oats dull, steady; No. 3 mixed, 24½; No. 2 white, 26½; No. 3 white, 25½.

Rye, dull; No. 2 nominally, 55.

Clover seed dull, steady; prime old, cash $4.85; prime December, $4.87½; March, $5.70 bid; No. 2 buckhorn, $5.65. Receipts, 1,258 bags; shipments, 400.

F. N. Quale reorts street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 65; white wheat, 62; corn, 30; oats, white, 25; rye, 50.

In store at Toledo:

	Dec. 23.	Dec. 16.
Wheat	1,388,885	1,497,768
Corn	119,132	849,733
Oats	402,884	429,884
Rye	7,273	6,457

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade dull, to-day. There was a lighter market for poultry, although prices hold steady. Vegetables same as yesterday. Fruits